

## Ancient GM 1071

### Chapter 1071: Emperor Yi's Old Residence

And as expected as Qin Wentian and his comrades proceeded closer, there was something that resembled the hollow of a palm beneath the five ancient peaks. All these made up a terrifying gigantic palm in its entirety, and exuded a power so strong that it felt like they wanted to shatter the heavens. The instant Qin Wentian laid his eyes on this, numerous formless diagrams suddenly erupted forth from his body in the shape of domineering palm imprints.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian radiated terrifying immortal might. His energy gushed forth frenziedly as a humming sound could be heard within. The formless attacks blasted into him repeatedly causing him to groan in agony as he was forced to take a step back. Other than him, everyone else was being attacked. There were even some who coughed out blood as their immortal foundations trembled so violently that it felt they would shatter.

“They are already here.” Ahead at the gigantic palm, experts from the Jiang Clan and Ying Clan as well as from the other powers of the immortal realms, have already arrived. They were seated in the surroundings, trying to gain insights and comprehend the divine essence.

“Mhm, this mystery should be comprehensible. Everyone it's best to be more cautious and try to get used to the attacks.” Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice. He took a deep breath and prepared himself before taking another step outwards. At the instant his foot landed, the formless attacks gushed over. Qin Wentian's body emitted a scintillating light as his immortal might gushed forth in a frenzy.

“BOOM!” Stomping heavily on the ground, Qin Wentian's body was simply a perfect physique, akin to the body of fiendgods. He allowed the attacks formed of the divine essence to blast at him as they willed, steadily walking step-by-step forward. The reaction of his body grew more intense to the point where he felt as though his body was about to fall into pieces as his inner organs and meridians shuddered violently.

Behind him, Nanfeng Yunxi and the rest followed after. They also could only take a step forward through enduring immense difficulty.

Jiang Ziyu's gaze turned to Qin Wentian as a smile flickered in his eyes. As expected, Qin Wentian didn't die, and although he didn't know for sure what happened to Dongsheng Ting and Zi Yunwu, they probably were now in dire straits.

Ying Teng frowned as he regarded these people. He then saw Qin Wentian walking towards a huge rock at the side before sitting there cross-legged as the immortal might from his immortal foundation flowed endlessly. Not only for Qin Wentian, for those that endured the attacks, their bodies were circulating immortal light as a transformation occurred within.

“Where is Emperor Yi’s secret exactly? The divine essence here is getting weaker and weaker.” Ying Teng stared ahead as he sighed. He had also arrived here and saw the gigantic palm and five ancient peaks. This seemed to be a place where divinities resided, yet he still had no idea on how to decipher the secret of God’s Hand.

Qin Wentian continued sitting there as the divine essence blasted into him. His body shuddered violently, feeling as though it was about to break apart. Behind him, some people could no longer endure such a terrifying pressure and had no choice but to voluntarily retreat, leaving this place. They felt that if they continued staying here a moment longer, their bodies would explode as they died.

If one wanted to cultivate a powerful secret art, one’s body must have a physique strong enough to support it. When stepping into the immortal foundation realm, everyone had an opportunity to establish the grade of their immortal foundation as well as to cleanse the impurities from their body.

Qin Wentian’s reaction grew stronger and stronger, the sounds of ocean waves slapping upon mountains rang out unceasingly. An entire world seemed to have formed via boundless immortal energy, within his immortal foundation.

His eyes were tightly closed, yet he felt that his eyes were opened instead. At the ‘walls’ of the giant palm, divine runes radiating the energy of the divine essence that drifted over endlessly, as though wanting to destroy his body.

Many days later, many departed from this place but they didn’t give up completely. They would attempt again and again and after numerous failures, some of them finally succeeded yet they had no way to comprehend God’s Hand.

The secret art of an Ancient Emperor was simply too difficult to cultivate.

“I suspect that Emperor Yu has been lying to us since the start. The form he showed us simply wasn’t the complete God’s Hand. Even though we endured the baptism by the divine essence, it is still useless.” At this moment, someone spoke, suspecting the motives of Emperor Yu. Many people

furrowed their brows, the God's Hand Emperor Yu showed to everyone earlier seemed to be the complete one. Maybe, their comprehension abilities weren't enough for them to gain any insights.

"You guys not being able to comprehend this doesn't mean that Emperor Yu is lying." Jiang Ziyu faintly spoke. His words caused many to look at him. Ying Teng spoke, "What do you mean? Jiang Ziyu, can you comprehend this?"

Jiang Ziyu simply laughed and didn't reply. He glanced at Qin Wentian, right now in this place, only Qin Wentian had cultivated God's Hand before. Qin Wentian should have the highest probability of comprehending some insights. Regardless of whether others believed it or not, Jiang Ziyu believed that Emperor Yu didn't lie. Since he was the protector of the secret art, now that someone who cultivated a rudimentary form of God's Hand before has arrived here, there was no need for Emperor Yu to stop that person from obtaining the complete version of God's Hand. This wasn't something the protector of a secret art would do.

As the divine essence attacks continued to blast into him, Qin Wentian's comprehension actually deepened. The immortal energy within him circulated automatically, morphing into countless complicated runic diagrams as more transformations occurred. In his perception, the gigantic palm ahead was no longer dimmed but was shining with resplendent light instead. He could sense the true divine essence of the God's Hand there, as a faint-silhouette diagram shimmered blurrily. He could not see what that was exactly, and could only sense how profound and unfathomable it was.

Qin Wentian gradually sensed that these five fingers peak exuded an extremely strong illusory nature. Maybe, that gigantic palm was something that casted an illusion over everyone here. Qin Wentian tried unceasingly to comprehend that blurry diagram which he sensed. More and more attacks blasted into him and the him at this moment had already forgotten why he was here. He existed in this ethereal state that seemingly had no flow of time.

Soon, over thirty days passed. Qin Wentian was still deep in concentration, unable to extricate himself.

Beside Qin Wentian, Nanfeng Yunxi, Jun Mengchen and the others all opened their eyes. The divine essence here gradually grew weaker. This, was actually similar to the scene encountered by Xiao Lengyue back then when in the City of Ancient Emperors.

"Should we go to some other places to take a look?" At this moment, Ying Teng stood up and spoke. The divine essence around the gigantic palm shimmered in and out of existence. The God's Hand they tried to learn earlier before they entered the ancient mountain, had no way to circulate the force. It was basically useless for them to be here.

“He seems to be still comprehending.” At this moment, somebody stared at Qin Wentian and commented.

“Deliberately acting mysterious.” Ying Teng’s prideful eyes flashed with suspicion. There were many geniuses here. He was a descendant of the Ying Clan and there was also characters like Jiang Ziyu as well as experts from the Southern Phoenix Clan. With so many supreme geniuses in here, how could it be that only Qin Wentian had comprehended some insights.

The Qin Wentian at this moment completely had no idea about what Ying Teng was thinking. He was fully immersed in comprehending. That blurry diagram gradually grew clearer and it was actually a human diagram. This human diagram gave Qin Wentian a feeling as vast as the starry space. It included the myriad of living creatures in this entire world and was situated right in the center of the universe. Qin Wentian imagined himself to be in that position and at that very instant, it felt like the heavens and earth within the world formed in his immortal foundation had split apart as terrifying transformations occurred.

“The true God’s Hand isn’t a palm art at all. It’s a supreme attribute energy that could incorporate all the energies present in the myriad of creatures. It was able to explosively ignite a stellar martial cultivator’s strength to the strongest state, unleashing torrential might through the palms.” Qin Wentian spoke in a low voice. Regardless of palm arts, spear arts of halberd arts, everything could be incorporated into God’s Hand.

He thought of the scene the Phoenix Ancestor showed him. With a single palm strike, Ancient Emperor Yi wiped out a countless number of overwhelmingly powerful experts as well as an entire world. His palm was even able to traverse the void. It was a spatial-type innate technique that was unleashed by God’s Hand, further augmenting its origin might.

“God’s Hand is a secret art that encompasses the myriad of laws. It’s a truly ultimate technique.” Qin Wentian mused silently. Emperor Yu allowed everyone to comprehend God’s Hand but Qin Wentian faintly sensed that Emperor Yu did so for him. He felt like this ancient mountain was prepared especially for him alone because although he had comprehended the basics of God’s Hand, without this step, he would never be able to elevate his insights about God’s Hand to the next level.

Qin Wentian could feel how profound this secret art was. Boundless transformations occurred within his body as the immortal light radiating from him grew brighter and brighter. His aura also began to exude a pressure that exceeds the level of his cultivation. This caused many to turn their gazes over toward him, feeling shock and astonishment.

“What’s going on?” The eyes of everyone flickered. Ying Teng’s countenance was extremely unsightly to behold.

“Among us, only he alone had cultivated God’s Hand before. The chances of his success is naturally the greatest among us.” Jiang Ziyu stood up and spoke. He stared at Qin Wentian as his eyes gleamed. He must definitely bring Qin Wentian to the Jiang Clan.

Many people crowded over only to see Nanfeng Yunxi and Jun Mengchen guarding Qin Wentian, staring at everyone else warily.

“RUMBLE!” At this moment, the ancient mountain trembled. The gigantic palm ahead shuddered violently, causing everyone to stare at it in shock. The humming noise continued and at this instant, the hollow of the palm actually started to crack. Boundless light shone from within and with a thunderous boom, the entire palm shattered apart. This caused all the experts to raise their hands in defense and after some time when all the light dissipated, everyone shifted their hands away, feeling their hearts trembling as they stared right ahead.

In the ancient mountain, there was actually another space.

Also, in here, it was no longer the earlier dimension that was the stretch of desolate plains and ancient peaks. This was a place that seemed to have traces of people residing here before.

“Was this left behind by Ancient Emperor Yi?” The notion flashed through everyone’s mind as their hearts pounded. Was this the residence where Ancient Emperor Yi stayed in those years ago?

What did he leave behind in here exactly?

Qin Wentian’s eyes suddenly opened. He similarly saw the same scene as everyone and at this moment, he stood up, his eyes gleaming with sharpness.

“What’s going on?” Nanfeng Yunxi asked.

“I don’t really know either.” Qin Wentian shook his head. He felt that he had already comprehended the mysteries of the God’s Hand. That was the reason why the gigantic palm suddenly shattered as this new dimension appeared.

The silhouettes of the experts here all flickered as they dashed forward. If Ancient Emperor Yi had truly stayed here before in the past, this undoubtedly must be a grand treasure trove!

## Chapter 1072: Ancient Emperor Palace

Everyone stepped through the entrance that appeared after the gigantic palm shattered. Their steps slowed, this space was very large and their sensitive senses could feel a huge pressure enveloping all of them. The pressure was overwhelming, it felt as though as long as it erupted forth completely, all of them would die here.

There was a unique rhythm in the air, akin to that of someone breathing in and out. In the space of a breath, they felt their hearts pounding as the blood in their bodies circulated frenziedly out of their control.

This space seemed extremely ancient, and was very desolate like it has been sealed away for countless years. They continued down the ancient path and the sense of danger they felt continued to deepen.

“That mountain.” Someone stared at a stone mountain ahead. This mountain was in a unique shape, resembling a demonic beast. It obstructed their path and exuded a fearsome aura.

Their steps gradually halted, staring ahead. That feeling of danger grew more and more intense. Breathing in and breathing out...their hearts pounded rapidly.

At this moment, more stones rolled off the stone mountain. The entire mountain seemed to be moving. All of a sudden, a terrible might gushed forth as the stones continued rolling down. At the head of the mountain, a face vaguely resembling a human could be seen, exuding a fearsome balefulness that seemed a cross between a demon and a human. The fangs in its mouth breathed in and out, creating a demonic gale that blew on everyone's bodies, causing everyone to break out in chills.

The head belonged to an incomparably gigantic demon. It was roughly around the size of a small mountain. The rhythm of its breath caused the hearts of all of them to pound. It felt that with just a breath, this demon was able to kill all of them here. Nobody dared to wake it up. Everyone proceeded carefully and even slowed their breathing. They didn't want to alert this terrifying demonic beast that was currently in a slumber.

Everyone stared ahead, feeling fear in their hearts. This demon was too large. It was like a mountain obstructing their path. It seemed like a demonic protector for this place.

“What should we do?” Everyone transmitted their voices silently to each other. Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered. Since they’ve come all the way here, it was impossible for him to give up now. Also, since this place was left behind by Ancient Emperor Yi and he was the one that managed to shatter the gigantic palm outside, revealing this space, he didn’t believe that Ancient Emperor Yi would go through so much trouble to kill a potential successor.

As he thought of this, Qin Wentian lifted his foot and continued. The eyes of everyone flashed as they looked at Qin Wentian. Since there was someone in the lead, they didn’t mind cautiously following after. When they arrived below the greater demon, the pressure they felt was so great that they found it even hard to breathe. Despite the greater demon being asleep, it radiated a fearsome pressure. Every breath it took caused their hearts to tremble and the pressure was getting more and more intense.

There were some who could no longer even walk, not daring to advance any further. Staring at the malevolent countenance, their legs shook, growing soft as they couldn’t breathe.

“Swish~” A terrifying breath of hotness flared from the greater demon’s nostrils.

“Pu.” A person was overly nervous as his foot step made a loud sound on the ground. This caused everyone’s hearts to tremble as they hurriedly halted and glanced at the greater demon. Only when they ascertained that there was no reaction from the greater demon did they heave a sigh of relief.

Right now, Qin Wentian already arrived beneath the head of the greater demon. A rumbling sound rang out as the stones on the stone mountain above rolled downwards. In the span of a single breath, the stifling pressure grew stronger as a pair of gigantic eyes snapped open, gleaming with a terrifying light. The greater demon surveyed the people before it. Everyone was stunned into stillness, staring right into the huge saucer-like eyes. All of their numbers added together was roughly about the size of one of the greater demon’s eyes.

Qin Wentian also started for a moment as he stared at the cold emotionless eyes. The rumbling sound continued. The body of the greater demon roused shaking the stones away from it. This demon had a human face which exuded a demonic balefulness and was truly a greater demon from the ancient times. It was a greater desolate demon, Tao Wu.

“Us juniors must have disturbed the rest of senior. We hope that senior can forgive us.” Ying Teng from the Ying Clan reacted fast, bowing low to the greater demon.

The Tao Wu continued staring at everyone. Several people were soaked in their sweat. They felt as long as this greater demon wanted to, their lives would end with a single swipe from its claws.

“Why are there so many?” A thunderous voice rumbled. The sound was like a lightning bolt blasting into the ear drums of the crowd, jolting them so badly that their inner organs trembled.

“We knew that Ancient Emperor Yi left his inheritance here. Hence, we paid a visit to Emperor Yu and he allowed us to seek our good fortune in the ancient mountain. After that, we managed to enter this space.” Ying Teng replied. He didn’t say that the reason they could enter this space was because of Qin Wentian.

“Go on in then.” That greater demon spoke in a terrifying tone. After that, it lied on the ground once more as it continued to slumber, ignoring all of them. This made everyone heave a sigh of relief.

Qin Wentian and his comrades continued walking forward. An ancient aura could be felt in this place. Indeed, this did seem to be a residence where humans lived in. They halted their steps and gazed upon the majestic immortal palace before them.

For powerful experts in the immortal realms, once they reached a certain level, they naturally possessed the qualifications to enjoy life. They wouldn’t let themselves live too frugally and would usually have their own immortal palace where they and their descendants or other clan members could reside in.

Was the ancient palace before them the place where Ancient Emperor Yi stayed those years ago?

They walked up the stairs in the center, ascending upwards into the immortal palace with a heart filled with reverence for Ancient Emperor Yi. How good would it be to become the master of this immortal palace? Were all the treasures left by Ancient Emperor Yi hidden in the palace?

However, everyone was swiftly disappointed. The immortal palace was completely empty. Although the palace was constructed from valuable materials, they had no way to take any of them away. Also, with a powerful ancient greater demon stationed just outside, who would dare to try anything funny?

They continued walking into the depths of the immortal palace and after a period of time, a terrifying aura could be felt ahead. They halted as a shocking scene appeared in front of their eyes.



Up ahead, there was actually a picture of a golden body. This golden body seemed to be ethereal and was extremely gigantic, towering up into the sky. It exuded an aura of divinity, gushing forth with energy of the divine essence. Everyone felt fear when they glanced at it

Also behind this golden body picture, a number of bronze gigantic gates could be seen. Each gate was incomparably enormous and seemed to have existed since the dawn of time. What was behind these bronze gates exactly? Was it treasure left behind by Ancient Emperor Yi?

What made everyone despair was that before each gate, a greater demon could be seen guarding it. These greater demons from ancient times were all in a deep slumber, it was clear that they have been here for too many years.

The heartbeats of everyone quickened. Could it be that Ancient Emperor Yi not only left his inheritance here, he also left his treasures to his successor?

In that case, the thing Emperor Yu was protecting, wasn't simply the secret art God's Hand but was everything left behind by Ancient Emperor Yi.

Ancient Emperor Yi had once dominated the entire immortal realms, he was the true king of this place. How terrifying would his treasures be? It was simply beyond imagination.

At this moment, many people in fact has already forgotten about God's Hand. Their eyes were on the bronze gates and the treasures of Ancient Emperor Yi. Compared to some obscure secret art, getting the treasures seemed much easier.

Many people sped over, rushing past the golden gigantic figure, arriving before the enormous gates.

“BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!” The greater demons outside the three bronze enormous gates opened their eyes as a stifling pressure instantly bore down on everyone, almost forcing them to their knees. They inclined their heads with difficulty as they shouted, “We are juniors of the later generations that came in here with the approval of Emperor Yu. Seniors, please show us mercy.”

The pressure weakened. Everyone climbed up only to see these greater demons closing their eyes again, no longer bothering with them. They walked towards the bronze gates and wanted to use strength to force the gates open. However, they discovered that they couldn't move the gates at all.

Qin Wentian wasn't with the crowd. He was walking towards the golden figure picture. Immortal energy in his foundation circulated as he stepped out and as he neared, a supreme might from the primordial era blasted right into his body. His bones emitted cracking sounds and with a groan of misery, he coughed out blood as his countenance paled.

"This is the true complete version of God's Hand." Qin Wentian stared at the golden figure in the picture. With just a glance, he could sense what he said was true. That ethereal golden body was like a corporeal existence. The might gushing forth from it was something from the primordial era, terrifying to the extreme.

Qin Wentian walked step-by-step closer and closer as the energy in his body circulated wildly. His saint-grade immortal foundation unleashed the maximum power it could unleash, withstanding the impact of the runic energy that flowed from the golden figure picture into him. Each mote of energy felt as deadly as the might from the god of death.

"This!" Nanfeng Yunxi's eyes flashed with a strange light when she stared at Qin Wentian's movement.

"Seems like he's truly about to master the secret art. Only he stands a chance to cultivate the secret art of Ancient Emperor Yi." Nanfeng Shengge smiled. Emperor Yu was here all this while protecting this inheritance while waiting for a fated successor?

"Not so simple, he seems to be under great pressure." Nanfeng Yunxi was a little worried.

"It naturally wouldn't be so easy to cultivate God's Hand." Nanfeng Shengge spoke in a low voice. Purgatory and Jun Mengchen were looking at Qin Wentian as well.

At this moment, Jiang Ziyu stepped out. His eyes gleamed with a fearsome light, wanting to see through everything, deciphering the golden figure picture. Slowly moving forward, the energy within his body circulated frenziedly as a powerful might gushed forth from him. This caused Nanfeng Yunxi and Nanfeng Shengge to freeze. This fellow was actually so powerful.

"BOOM!" A fearsome energy erupted. Jiang Ziyu coughed out blood as he was flung through the air from the impact. The countenances of the experts from the Jiang Clan drastically changed as they sped over in the direction where he flew.

"What a fearsome power." Jun Mengchen stared in that direction. If Qin Wentian just lost control for even a second, he would also be in extreme danger!

## Chapter 1073: Ying Teng's Intentions

After Jiang Ziyu recovered, he walked over again. When he stared at the golden figure picture once again, his eyes flickered with an intense trepidation.

A staggering amount of divine essence was contained within, terrifying to the extreme.

Qin Wentian was still in his position. He felt his perception sinking within. From the golden figure in the picture, he saw a true, corporeal human body beyond it, radiating the essence of divinity. The myriad of laws fully existed within, each and every one of them capable of unleashing a power capable of destroying him. His body shuddered under the pressure as he fought to steady himself.

The other experts rushed the three enormous bronze gates, using all sorts of methods in an attempt to open them. However, they discovered that it was useless no matter what they did. They also realized that there was a palm imprinted above each of the gates. The palm imprint contained countless complex runic diagrams that were incomparably mysterious. They had no way to see through the profound secrets hidden within.

“Could it be that only after one has comprehended Ancient Emperor Yi’s secret art, God’s Hand, would that person be able to open these gates, obtaining the treasures within?” Ying Teng stated, his words causing the eyes of many to flicker as they glanced at Qin Wentian. Seems like this golden picture contained the mysteries of the divine essence. If Qin Wentian could comprehend it, it was possible that he can master God’s Hand and open these treasury gates.

Ying Teng and his subordinates stared at the golden figure picture as they walked forward. But most of these people were blasted back by the resistance force after they took a few steps.

“ARGH!” A scream of misery rang out. There was one person who continued persisting despite not being able to endure. His body actually exploded as his immortal foundation was destroyed. He fell to the ground, his face akin to dead ashes as screams of pain rocked the air. This scene filled the hearts of many with fear. When they turned to the golden-colored picture again, their hearts were filled with misgiving and trepidation.

And right now, more experts came into this space. Because earlier after Qin Wentian broke apart the gigantic palm, he didn’t set any obstruction there to stop people from entering. When these

newcomers saw the greater demon, they were also similarly shocked. They didn't expect that Ancient Emperor Yi had an immortal palace here hidden in the very depths of the ancient mountain.

No wonder Emperor Yu, an immortal emperor would guard this place for so many years.

Ying Teng similarly failed when he attempted it. He retreated after being injured and there was destructive force ravaging his body, targeting his immortal foundation. This made him feel fear in his heart. He now understood that without an earlier foundation from comprehending the rudimentary version of God's Hand, it was impossible for him to get close to the golden figure. He wasn't able to comprehend anything, only one man had the opportunity and that man was Qin Wentian. From the instant he broke open the gigantic palm and allowed everyone to gain access to this place, this was already fated. Only Qin Wentian had a chance.

All the experts gradually realized this. The inheritance of Ancient Emperor Yi was not fated to be theirs, they were all destined to be a background for Qin Wentian to shine with greater brilliance.

"Why is this so?" A descendant of an immortal emperor asked, feeling reluctance in his heart.

"Because he had cultivated God's Hand before. Most probably, Emperor Yu opened up this ancient mountain for the sake of him alone." Kong Ye coldly spoke, he was also feeling extremely reluctant and was unwilling to accept this.

"If in the past I encountered the God's Hand in the City of Ancient Emperors, I could also comprehend and cultivate it. Sadly, the timing wasn't right." Ying Teng's eyes gleamed with sharpness, staring at Qin Wentian as he spoke. "Without the prior lucky chance of having comprehended the rudimentary form of God's Hand before, he wouldn't have any advantage over us."

"Excuses." Jun Mengchen felt extremely unhappy when he heard these people grumbling about Qin Wentian. He then spoke, "You guys should have been to the City of Ancient Emperors before. The underground palace where Ancient Emperor Yi left his inheritance, wasn't something discovered by my senior brother. It was there all along but no one could manage to enter. With so many people who had been to the City of Ancient Emperors in the past, none have succeeded and yet now, all of you are here talking about things such as timing and luck? How ridiculous."

"When I was in the City of Ancient Emperors, the underground palace of Ancient Emperor Yi hadn't been discovered yet." Ying Teng coldly replied.

“Hmph, do you mean that we must tell you that there is the underground palace of Ancient Emperor Yi and instruct you on the method of getting in, gifting the rudimentary form of God’s Hand to you before you would be able to obtain it?” Jun Mengchen shot back. “Given how vast the immortal realms are, inheritances and hidden treasures are everywhere yet only a minority were able to obtain them. Many of those who did would eventually become experts and as for the vast majority who didn’t obtain them, wouldn’t they only know how to blame the good luck and fortune of others?”

“Who do you think you are? How dare you speak to me in this manner?” Ying Teng stepped forward as the ground trembled. A king’s aura gushed forth from him, sweeping over towards Jun Mengchen. The power within the aura was so great that Jun Mengchen’s body involuntarily shuddered.

“And who the hell you think you are?” Jun Mengchen always had a fiery temper. Ying Teng was also extremely proud. Now that the two of them are clashing, sparks instantly ignited.

“Ying Teng, what are you doing?” Nanfeng Yunxi stepped out, the phoenix flames around her body began to burn, exuding a fearsome immortal might.

“Nanfeng Yunxi, others might fear you but my Ying Clan does not. You best not interfere in things that are not your business.” Ying Teng spoke in cold arrogance, exuding an air of haughtiness.

“Then do you think that my Southern Phoenix Clan would fear your Ying Clan?” Nanfeng Yunxi replied

Ying Teng coldly laughed. He stared at Nanfeng Yunxi and spoke, “Everyone, let’s fight against the Southern Phoenix Clan’s experts. It’s fine if you don’t dare to injure them. We of the Ying Clan will do the injuring and just so coincidentally, I feel like capturing the Holy Successor of the Southern Phoenix Clan to serve as my maid. Having such a pretty maid to warm my bed at night daily seems pretty excellent as well.”

The eyes of everyone flickered, this fellow from the Ying Clan is truly gutsy. The faces of everyone from the Southern Phoenix Clan were ice-cold as battle intent radiated from them.

“After we settle the Southern Phoenix Clan, we will wait for that fellow to finish cultivating God’s Hand and have him to open the bronze gates for us. We wouldn’t have made a wasted trip here then.” Ying Teng continued. Everyone instantly understood his plans. This was the real purpose of Ying Teng.

Ying Teng was clearly unhappy that all of them came in for nothing but to accompany Qin Wentian in cultivating God's Hand. But it didn't matter to him, so what if Qin Wentian succeeded? After dealing with the Southern Phoenix Clan, Qin Wentian would no longer have a powerful backer. He would then have no choice but to obey them.

As for Ying Teng's words of capturing the Holy Successor Nanfeng Yunxi to serve him as a maid and a bed warmer, he was merely speaking arrogantly. In reality, he wouldn't dare to do such a thing that might spark a war among their respective clans.

"As long as you people from the Southern Phoenix Clan don't interfere, we won't act against the holy Successor." At this moment, a voice rang out. Evidently, the other powers didn't wish to offend the Southern Phoenix Clan. They didn't dare to take the initiative and said that they would join forces against them.

"Haha, don't worry. If the people from the Southern Phoenix Clan interferes, my Ying Clan will be responsible for dealing with them. You guys only need to deal with that fellow. By the way, is the Jiang Clan interested to join in?" Ying Teng stared at Jiang Ziyu as he laughed. Jiang Ziyu simply smiled at Ying Teng but he didn't say anything.

"It's fine if the Jiang Clan doesn't have the guts." Ying Teng flicked his sleeves as he spoke arrogantly. The Ying Clan and Southern Phoenix Clan experts were already in position, staring daggers at each other.

Qin Wentian completely had no idea what was happening outside. He moved closer and closer to the golden figure picture. Right now, he was completely focused on the corporeal body within the picture. It was actually guiding the transformations occurring within his own body. But even so, his body narrowly escaped being destroyed, it had no way to withstand this force and just at that very moment where Qin Wentian felt he couldn't carry on, the white candle-like flame of his second bloodline circulated frenziedly, healing his body. With each complete circulation, his body would have completed one degree of the transformations growing closer and closer to the body in terms of quality shown in the picture.

With the fiendgod body refinement art, his physique was originally already extremely tyrannical. Ordinary first-level immortal-foundation experts would be defeated with a single punch from him. Even if he stood there and allowed them to freely attack, they wouldn't be able to breach his defense. He had a perfect saint-grade immortal foundation plus a nearly perfect physique. But even so, comprehending the insights of the complete version of God's Hand seemed to be able to grant him another opportunity to cleanse the impurities within his body, and further strengthen his physique.

If he was successful in this baptism. Most probably despite the vastness of the immortal realms, it would be exceptionally rare to find someone at the same realm whose body is as tough as his.

However, this baptism wasn't an easy one. Qin Wentian's advancement speed grew extremely slow, he had to be very cautious at this step or his body would truly shatter. He knew that if the divine essence erupted with full force, even immortal emperors wouldn't be able to withstand it. Right now he suddenly had a strange feeling. The divine essence permeating the interior of this space, the ancient mountain, and the atmosphere of the God Hand Mountain Manor, all seemed to have originated from the golden figure in the picture. Also, there seemed to be different grades of divine essence present here. If immortal kings or emperors were able to gain access to the ancient mountain, they would be able to come into contact with that higher-grade divine essence.

Since the people within the ancient mountain could reach this point, their cultivation bases were considered the weaker ones in perspective of immortal kings and emperors. The resistance by the divine essence they faced, wouldn't be too powerful as well. However, Qin Wentian believed that for truly powerful characters, even if they were immortal kings or emperors, they could still use the principles they understood from the God's Hand which Emperor Yu had shown, to negate the force and comprehend the divine essence. By accomplishing that, they would then be able to gain access into the mountain. Sadly, none of the immortal kings or emperors present were able to do so.

The situation in the external world was still the same. Qin Wentian remained fully focused in his cultivation and in fact, it was extremely tough for people who wanted to get near to where Qin Wentian was. Behind them, the forces of the Violet Emperor and Eastern Sage Immortal Sect also arrived. Their eyes gleamed with killing intent as they stared at the experts from the Southern Phoenix Clan and Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect. Their killing intent intensified further when they glanced at Qin Wentian.

Dead. Dongsheng Ting and Zi Yunwu were had both fallen. They saw the blood stains and torn robes of the two young masters but they couldn't find any corpses. In fact, they even saw the mysterious young man with the bronze mask but when they attempted to pursue him, he used a strange sealing treasure and had successfully fled away.

Dongsheng Ting and Zi Yunwu's deaths were simply a nightmare to them. The moment they exited this place, they had to face the anger of the Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor and the Violet Emperor. All this happened because of Qin Wentian, the Southern Phoenix Clan and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect. If it weren't for these people, Dongsheng Ting and Zi Yunwu wouldn't have died.

"You all want to kill him?" Ying Teng pointed at Qin Wentian and asked.

“Yes.” Everyone nodded.

“I will give you all a chance. But before he opens the treasury gates, nobody can take his life. He has to be kept alive.” Ying Teng coldly spoke. He didn’t treat Qin Wentian as the inheritor of the secret art but rather, as a key to open the treasury gates. So what if Qin Wentian comprehended the secret art? Wasn’t Qin Wentian being used by him now as well?

#### Chapter 1074: Enormous Bronze Gate

At the God Hand Mountain Manor, the people there were still waiting. As experts in the immortal realms who had been cultivating for many years, they naturally had the patience to wait. Although a number of months have passed, they weren’t in a hurry or impatient at all.

In addition, the Jiang Clan, Ying Clan and Southern Phoenix Clan didn’t have too much of a reaction. This indicated that their scions were still exploring the depths of the ancient mountain and hadn’t died yet.

They grew more and more curious. What secrets did the ancient mountain have exactly. Can Emperor Yu himself really not enter the ancient mountain?

Emperor Yu was the protector of this inheritance. How could he be unable to enter?

Although they were suspicious of this fact, after they witnessed the battle between Emperor Yu and the Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor, nobody dared to show any more disrespect to Emperor Yu. Strength demands respect, and at this location, other than the Violet Emperor being a peak-level immortal emperor, the other immortal emperors weren’t at that level yet. Compared to Emperor Yu, they knew they would lose if a fight broke out for sure.

Although the Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor was quiet now, the killing intent in his heart didn’t diminish in the slightest. He was filled with more hatred than the Violet Emperor. The Violet Emperor only suffered the death of a nephew but he suffered the death of his youngest son. Dongsheng Ting was fathered by him through a beloved concubine. Because his other children were born long ago and were all already extremely powerful, he doted exceptionally on Dongsheng Ting. But now, Dongsheng Ting died in the ancient mountain. How could the Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor not be enraged?



“Emperor Yu I wished to consult you on a matter. In the ancient mountain, it wouldn’t be that only those who cultivated God’s Hand before would have a chance to obtain the complete inheritance, right?” The immortal emperor from the Jiang Clan asked. “If not, why would it be that immortal-foundation experts are the most suitable to enter?”

“You are thinking too much. Although Emperor Yi left behind a part of his inheritance in the City of Ancient Emperors, I have no idea when it would appear. And tell me this, if that fellow who comprehended the rudimentary form of God’s Hand came here with the cultivation base of an immortal king rather than immortal foundation, what of it then?” Emperor Yu spoke. He then continued, “Everything is fair, everyone in the ancient mountain will have a chance to gain the inheritance. You guys aren’t able to enter because your cultivation bases have reached a certain level and you can no longer learn God’s Hand. The law energy you cultivate in would reject the divine essence of God’s Hand, thereby inducing the resistance force, making it so that none of you can enter.”

“But then, isn’t the fact that that brat’s chances of obtaining God’s Hand are higher than the rest?” An immortal emperor from the Ying Clan asked.

“What do you think?” Emperor Yu smiled. That immortal emperor didn’t reply. Wasn’t this simply talking nonsense? Qin Wentian had already cultivated the rudimentary form of God’s Hand before. His chances were naturally higher than the rest.

The people outside the ancient mountain were waiting. But in the ancient palace within the ancient mountain, the experts from the various powers were waiting as well. Qin Wentian moved closer and closer to the golden picture, almost fusing as one with it. The others also attempted but other than Qin Wentian, there was no one who could even get close to it. They would all be jolted back and receive injuries. Right now, they had no choice but to wait for Qin Wentian to finish his comprehension.

“Why is he so slow?” Ying Teng unhappily glanced at Qin Wentian. It has already been several months since they entered the ancient mountain, yet Qin Wentian was still in the midst of cultivation. Also, he could tell Qin Wentian’s body was undergoing some transformation. This made him extremely jealous. Qin Wentian’s aura grew vaster and stronger, the immortal light radiating from him made everyone feel as though Qin Wentian’s body was perfect. Such a powerful physique was something everyone in the immortal realms would all dream of obtaining.

In this trip into the ancient mountain, they were all like the supporting cast. Given how proud Ying Teng was, how could he be willing to accept this. In the Ying Clan, he was someone of high status, only a few others in the same generation as him had the same standing he did.

Even more days passed by. The transformation happening to Qin Wentian continued but was gradually slowing down. The degree of change the transformation brought about was smaller. He no longer resisted the divine essence but was enjoying the baptism brought by this mysterious energy. Right now, he was one with the picture while the mysterious energy cleansed him. Boundless runes constituted boundless changes, the sound of the great dao infused his mind, aiding him to see the truth.

Many people were already impatient from the waiting and wanted to disrupt Qin Wentian. However, Ying Teng stopped all of these people. Since he had already waited for so long, he didn't mind to wait a little while longer. If they really disrupted Qin Wentian while he is in the midst of cultivating, who would be the one to open the bronze gates? Nobody would then be able to obtain the treasures left behind by Ancient Emperor Yi and this expedition would be a wasted trip.

He would rather chose to wait for Qin Wentian to finish. Luckily, the wait didn't last for too long and one day, Qin Wentian finally stopped. He opened his eyes, and there was a resplendent light shining within. However at this instant, everyone immediately crowded over. This caused Qin Wentian's eyes to gleam with a cold light as he regarded them.

Ying Teng moved forward, arriving before Qin Wentian as he spoke. "After waiting for so long, you should have finished cultivating God's Hand right?"

"Senior brother, this fellow wants to make use of you to open the gates to obtain the treasures Ancient Emperor Yi left behind. They have all joined forces." Jun Mengchen shouted.

"That's right. We've waited so long for you. Go and open the gates now." Ying Teng stared at Qin Wentian as he imperiously commanded. These people consisted of many descendants of immortal emperors, experts of the Ying Clan, Eastern Sage Immortal Sect and Violet Emperor Sect. Such a formation was so powerful that even if the Southern Phoenix Clan and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect joined forces, they wouldn't be able to contend against them.

Seems like although these people failed to comprehend the secret art, they still didn't want to give up. All that was on their minds now was how to obtain the treasures left behind by Ancient Emperor Yi.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" Ying Teng's tone grew heavier when he saw Qin Wentian not responding to him. After that, the people behind him stepped out threateningly.

"Qin Wentian." At this moment, Jiang Ziyu who was in the surroundings, stated. "Qin Wentian, as long as you agree to visit my Jiang Clan. I will aid you to resolve matters here today."

“Jiang Ziyu!” Ying Teng’s gaze was glacial. “It’s fine that you didn’t wish to join forces with me. Are you trying to spoil my plans?”

“Am I acquainted with you?” Jiang Ziyu stared at Ying Teng as he impolitely replied. They were part of the three hegemony of the Southern Regions. How would the Jiang Clan’s experts fear the Ying Clan?

“Very good.” Ying Teng’s eyes flashed with an extremely cold light.

Qin Wentian glanced at Jiang Ziyu. This man kept inviting himself to visit the Jiang Clan, he didn’t know what Jiang Ziyu’s intentions are but human hearts are treacherous. Given how shrewd Jiang Ziyu is, he wouldn’t do something that has no purpose. Jiang Ziyu must have some benefits to gain from inviting him to the Ancient Jiang Clan and this might not be a good thing for him. Once he enters the Jiang Clan, his life would be at the beck and call of others. At that time, the Southern Phoenix Clan would be helpless even if they wanted to rescue him.

But if he didn’t agree to Jiang Ziyu, given the current strength of the Southern Phoenix Clan and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect’s experts, they were at a disadvantage.

Qin Wentian turned and walked towards one of the bronze gates. There were three gigantic bronze gates in total and all of them were extremely mysterious. Nobody knew what lies behind them. They were guessing that behind these gates, were the treasures kept by Ancient Emperor Yi.

There were terrifying greater demons protecting the gates.

“Senior.” Qin Wentian came before one and called out respectfully. This greater demon was an ancient Kui Ox, it exuded a violent aura and when its large saucer-like eyes opened, the light within was extremely terrifying.

“Speak.” The Kui Ox spoke.

“Junior has obtained the secret art of Ancient Emperor Yi. Does it mean that the treasures behind these gates belong to me?” Qin Wentian straightforwardly asked.

“You have to open the gate first.” The Kui Ox’s voice boomed out, akin to thunder.

“Since junior has obtained the inheritance of Ancient Emperor Yi, may I request senior to kill some people?” Qin Wentian asked again. When the people here heard his words, they all froze. Even Ying Teng felt cold sweat running down his back. These greater demons guarding the three gates wouldn’t act against them, right? The demons didn’t bother about their presence here or the treasures within. But when these people heard Qin Wentian’s words, all of them felt chills in their hearts. What a bastard.

“The you now still doesn’t have the qualifications to issue a command to me.” The Kui Ox coldly spoke. Qin Wentian wasn’t too disappointed. Excitement gleamed in his eyes. He didn’t have the qualifications now? Doesn’t this mean that it might be possible for him to command these powerful demons in the future?

“In that case, what must I do before I can request senior to help me?” Qin Wentian continued politely asking. Ying Teng and the others all stepped closer, their eyes flashing with killing intent.

“I told you to open the bronze gate and not chat leisurely here.” Ying Teng transmitted his voice to Qin Wentian.

“You will understand after you open the gate.” The Kui Ox spoke in an emotionless tone. Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered. The gate again. Seems like these three bronze gates were the key. Was all of Ancient Emperor Yi’s treasures really contained within?

For these gates, each was more complex than the other. The runic diagrams on them encompasses everything and was inconceivably profound, containing traces of the great dao. He could only understand a portion of the diagrams for a particular gate. For the other two gates, everything was scrambled chaos to him. They made no sense at all.

Qin Wentian stepped before the gate which he could make some sense of. He then asked, “Can senior tell me what is inside there?”

There was no reply. The greater demon closed its eyes again and ignored him. This made Qin Wentian somewhat depressed. No matter what, he can be considered the successor of Ancient Emperor Yi. This greater demon actually didn’t give him any face at all.

“Qin Wentian, you best open the gate faster. There’s a limit to my patience.” Ying Teng couldn’t help but to threaten when he saw Qin Wentian basically didn’t care about his words. Qin Wentian turned and glanced at Ying Teng. The people here have all surrounded the Southern Phoenix Clan

and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect's experts. Ying Teng then pointed to Jun Mengchen and Purgatory, "These two should be your friends right? If you continue delaying and waste more time, don't blame me for being ruthless."

"Okay, I will do my best." Qin Wentian calmly spoke. His eyes landed on the bronze gate as he stared at it. The diagrams on the gate would transform on their own, encompassing everything. The flowing runes on the gate flowed within his mind. He understood that the runic diagram was the key to opening the gate.

The energy within his body circulated unceasingly, inscribing the diagram within. There were a myriad of transformations and he had to try and match the flow. Qin Wentian then closed his eyes as he branded the image completely into his mind.

The people behind all stared at Qin Wentian and the bronze gate. If this gate was opened and there really was ancient supreme treasures left behind by Emperor Yi, could the alliance between Ying Teng and these people still hold?

Chapter 1075: Violent Beating

Ying Teng and the others all nervously watched Qin Wentian. Nobody knew what was inside the bronze gate but they understood that once the gate opened, many unexpected situations may occur.

Qin Wentian attempted placing his palm on the gate several times but all of the attempts ended in failure. Although the bronze gate started shining resplendently with immortal light, it remained locked. In the blink of an eye, several days passed. Ying Teng and the others grew more and more impatient and threatened Qin Wentian countless times. However, Qin Wentian simply ignored them and disregarded all their threats.

Today, Qin Wentian's eyes opened as he ended his cultivation. A bright divine glow flowed around him as his palms started to shine with light. At this moment, he slammed out with a palm strike, creating a gigantic palm imprint that imprinted itself onto the bronze gate's runic diagram. At this very instant, the countless runes on the gate started to rearrange themselves, forming a row of runes. Bright light shot out as a gap opened. The light grew brighter and brighter as the two halves of the gate were pulled to either side, creating an opening.

"BOOM!" At this instant, the people here all erupted forth with full power as they rushed into the gate.

Inside the gate was a tunnel with puppeted armors forming lines on both the left and right within. These armors seemed like a defensive divine weapon and were in the form of humans.

“These are immortal puppets.” Ying Teng and the others glanced around. Those rows of puppets were immortal-ranked puppets and seemed to be perfect in terms of construction. They could be used effortlessly by people.

They instantly rushed forward wanting to grab a puppeted armor for themselves. However, no matter what they did, they couldn't move the armors in the slightest.

Behind them, the bronze gate slammed shut. The runic diagram on the back of the gate was the exact same as the one in front.

Qin Wentian stared at these human-form puppeted armors. These were simply perfect. One needed an extremely advanced forging method to create these things. At the chest-part of the armor, a palm engraving could be seen there. At this moment Qin Wentian understood that only he alone was able to activate these puppeted armors.

His silhouette flashed, Qin Wentian walked to the front of a puppeted armor. However, there was already someone there. That person hurriedly touched the puppeted armor, but he failed to store it away no matter what he did.

“Scram.” One of them icily stated when they saw Qin Wentian coming over.

Qin Wentian erupted forth instantly with tyrannical might. A humming sound rang out from within his body, as a sword rune manifested in his hand. He slashed out with the speed of lightning, his opponent's expression drastically changed and retreated explosively but considering how close they were and Qin Wentian launching a sudden attack, how could his opponent be able to evade it?

His opponent had his hands held around his throat as he stared at Qin Wentian in disbelief. He wanted to speak but only unintelligible sounds came out. Qin Wentian then punched out, destroying his opponent's immortal foundation, sending him flying through the air. His expression was ice-cold, did these people really think that they would be able to control him by forming an alliance? How ridiculous.

Powerful auras gushed over, a group of experts stared at Qin Wentian as they exuded killing intent. Ying Teng and the others also walked over with cold gazes.

The experts from the Southern Phoenix Clan and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect hurried and gathered in front of Qin Wentian, protecting him.

“Make a path for me.” Qin Wentian spoke. The people in front of him then stepped to the side as Qin Wentian walked alone towards Ying Teng and the people in his alliance.

“Are you intending to rebel? Ying Teng’s eyes gleamed with a cold light as he stared at Qin Wentian.

“You only know how to brag. Do you dare to battle?” Qin Wentian coldly spoke.

“How laughable.” Waving his hand, the experts on his side rushed forward and surrounded Qin Wentian and his comrades.

“Forming an alliance?” Qin Wentian mockingly laughed as he pointed to the bronze gate. “I guarantee that no one who dares to stand with Ying Teng would be able to leave here. Other than me, no one can open the gate, since you guys want to join with Ying Teng to deal with me, get him to bring you out then.”

The countenances of everyone froze, staring at the closed gate. The back and front of the gate were the same, and Qin Wentian was the only one who can open this gate.

“Do you all really want to test me? Believe me, I will do what I said.” Qin Wentian stated. After which, a majority of the experts here started to retreat. This caused Ying Teng’s expression to fall as his countenance turned incredibly ugly to behold.

“Do you really think you are very mighty?” Qin Wentian stared at Ying Teng as he spoke. “Who the hell do you think you are?”

After which, he disregarded Ying Teng and walked towards that puppeted armor. His palm pressed down on the mini diagram inscribed on the chest part of the armor and a bright light flashed in response. The puppeted armor opened up, Qin Wentian then walked into it as it closed again, fusing together with his body, adjusting perfectly to his size.

Qin Wentian's immortal foundation released immortal energy as the function of that puppeted armor came into effect. A bright light flashed and an overwhelming might umpteen times stronger than Qin Wentian's current cultivation level gushed outward. He then stepped out moving towards Ying Teng. Several experts from the Ying Clan instantly appeared around Ying Teng as they stared at Qin Wentian with trepidation.

"BOOM!" A fearsome power erupted forth from his armored palm. The power transformed into a beam of intense light with enough power to eradicate all existences. The experts among Ying Teng simultaneously launched their attacks, two demonic pythons were summoned as the impact sounded out thunderously, the destructive aftershocks ravaged the area. Ying Teng was completely surrounded by his own people protectively as all of them coldly looked at Qin Wentian.

"Everyone, there's no need to feel nervous. I'm merely testing out the puppeted armor. It seems to be pretty powerful." Qin Wentian laughed.

The experts from the Ying Clan furrowed their brows. After Qin Wentian wore the puppeted armor, his strength shot up to another level. Borrowing the power from the puppeted armor, his combat prowess was able to reach the peak of the immortal-foundation realm. From this, one could see how domineeringly strong the puppeted armor was.

"You are very arrogant." Ying Teng stared at Qin Wentian and spoke.

"Same as you." Qin Wentian replied. He walked towards the other sets of puppeted armors and opened them up. After which, he turned to Nanfeng Yunxi, Jun Mengchen and the rest as he spoke, "Step into the puppeted armor and you will easily be able to control their strength."

The construction of these puppeted armors was simply perfect. It could only be activated by God's Hand and after someone was inside, they had no need to stress over control. One only had to activate their immortal energy naturally and the amplifier would do the rest.

Nanfeng Yunxi, Jun Mengchen, Nanfeng Shengge and Purgatory prepared to enter the puppeted armors but at this moment, Ying Teng commanded, "Stop them!"

The experts in the surroundings all had ugly expressions on their faces. If Qin Wentian activated the armors and allowed his low-level immortals comrades to enter, the combat prowess of his comrades would instantly soared to a level where nobody here could stop them.



“For those who wish to die here, you guys can test me if you want to.” Qin Wentian icily spoke. Instantly, many people hesitated. As for Nanfeng Yunxi and rest, they walked past these people and stepped into the armor. The moment they entered the puppeted armor, it would achieve a perfection fusion with their bodies, easily boosting their strength. They then walked over to Qin Wentian and the group of them in armor gave everyone else in the surroundings a great pressure.

Qin Wentian and Jun Mengchen walked in the lead. Everywhere they passed by, those people all gave way to them. Everytime Qin Wentian activated an armor, he would allow someone from the Southern Phoenix Clan or the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect to enter them. This scene caused everyone else to be extremely shocked. This Qin Wentian...was he planning to take possession of all the puppeted armors here?

Finally, everyone from the Southern Phoenix Clan and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect were all clad in the puppeted armors.

Qin Wentian’s gaze landed on Ying Teng, and through the eyes of the puppeted armor, Ying Teng was seemingly able to feel the cold intent exuded from Qin Wentian.

“For those who have nothing to do with this, you all best disperse.” Qin Wentian spoke. And a few moments later, other than the experts from Ying Clan, everyone else backed away.

“What do you intend to do?” An expert from the ancient Ying Clan asked.

“You guys deal with the others from the Ying Clan. Leave Ying Teng to me.” Qin Wentian stated. In this case, the experts on his side would possess an overwhelming advantage. Clad in that armor, it was almost impossible to even injure them. Even those from the Eastern Sage Immortal Sect and the Violet Emperor Sect who wanted to kill Qin Wentian badly, also chose to retreat at this moment.

“You even dare to touch us from the ancient Ying Clan?” Someone exclaimed coldly.

“Do it.” Qin Wentian didn’t mince his word as he commanded. The armored experts directly rushed into the crowd of experts from the Ying Clan and begin launching ferocious attacks. The Ying Clan’s experts frenziedly defended and in just a mere instant, chaos erupted everywhere. Those who had no business here all retreated faraway, they didn’t want the aftershocks from the impact of the attacks to injure them.

The intensity of the combat soared up into a crescendo. Qin Wentian and his comrades were fully armored and they could even split apart divine weapons directly with their hands. They were like an

indomitable force, a tiger among wolves, instantly suppressing and dominating those from the Ying Clan.

“What a powerful puppeted armor.” Everyone was taken aback by the power. Even divine weapons were useless against it. Each and every attack Qin Wentian and his comrades unleashed through the armor were akin to attacks augmented by God’s Hand. Very swiftly, The Ying Clan’s experts were heavily injured. Ying Teng frenziedly retreated, he was also clad in armor and had an immortal weapon in hand. However, the power he could unleash through his immortal weapon was limited.

“YOU DARE?!” Upon seeing Qin Wentian closing in on him, Ying Teng roared loudly.

“BOOM!” A gigantic palm imprint smashed towards Ying Teng and with a rumbling sound the fearsome force slammed right into him forcing him to the ground. Even though he used his immortal weapon to negate some of the power, it was still useless.

“BANG!” Qin Wentian aimed his foot and launched a kick at Ying Teng, causing him to soar through the air as he screamed in pain and agony. Ying Teng then coughed out a mouthful of blood.

“I’M GOING TO KILL YOU!” Ying Teng roared in rage. His clan members wanted to aid him but they were all obstructed. When Qin Wentian flew over, he directly stomped down with his foot, crushing Ying Teng to the ground. Everyone could feel the ground shake as they perspired cold sweat for Ying Teng. This Qin Wentian was truly daring indeed!

Chapter 1076: Saint Lord

Ying Teng was trampled by Qin Wentian underneath his foot. His prestige and face was completely gone. His eyes flared with fire, and just as the immortal might of his immortal foundation was about to erupt forth, Qin Wentian stomped down once again, jolting him so badly that he had no opportunity to use immortal energy to attack. He could only lie there, allowing Qin Wentian to trample on him freely.

“Qin Wentian. I, Ying Teng, vow that I will make you suffer a fate worse than death.” Ying Teng was a prideful individual, a heaven chosen of the ancient Ying Clan with a lofty status. He had never suffered so much humiliation before.

“BOOM!” Another stomp slammed down. Ying Teng felt his inner organs were on the very verge of shattering, as he danced to and fro around the boundary of life and death. This torment was unable to activate the protective immortal sense on him. Qin Wentian had excellent control on his strength.

“Continue being arrogant.” Qin Wentian’s face was ice cold. Ying Teng wanted to use him as a key to open the treasury gate? And even used the people of the Southern Phoenix Clan and Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect as a tool to threaten him? In that case, he will teach this Ying Teng well on the code of conduct of being a human.

“IF YOU HAVE THE GUTS, JUST KILL ME!” Ying Teng screamed. Qin Wentian’s actions were much more painful than simply killing him.

“It’s too troublesome to kill you. If I did so, the experts from your clan are going to hunt me down. Killing the small ones brings out the old ones, these actions are the style of all of you great clans. My cultivation base is still so low, how can I fight head-on with your Ying Clan?” Qin Wentian laughed, his words causing those from the Ying Clan to heave a sigh of relief. As expected, Qin Wentian didn’t dare to kill Ying Teng.

“However, I have too much time on my hands. Killing you is too troublesome but if I choose to torture you slowly instead, the Ying Clan would be too embarrassed to hunt down a junior like me when one of their descendants was defeated so miserably by someone of the same generation as him, right?” An evil-looking smile curled up Qin Wentian’s lips. “After all, it’s only normal for a heaven chosen to be injured and suffer some setbacks. It would only serve to be a good motivational tool for them to grow further.”

After speaking, Qin Wentian stomped down again. With a thunderous boom, the hearts of everyone pounded as Ying Teng screamed. The crowd could clearly sense how much pain Ying Teng was in now. His hatred for Qin Wentian had most probably reached the point where he wanted nothing more than to tear Qin Wentian into a million pieces.

However, Qin Wentian was right. Ying Teng being injured and suffering some setbacks wouldn’t be enough to merit the Ying Clan to act on his behalf. In fact after suffering so much humiliation, Ying Teng also didn’t have the face to report this matter to the elders of his clan. If he did so, how could he still hold his head up high in his clan? His reputation would be tarnished forever and his status would suffer hugely.

“Ying Teng, feel free to tell your elders about this. Say how you were tortured and abused by me. In that case, maybe your elders would take extra care of you in the future.” Qin Wentian could guess

Ying Teng's train of thoughts. His words made Ying Teng's countenance turn the color of dead ashes.

"This mad man..." Everyone felt their hearts shaking when they stared at Qin Wentian. He was truly a mad man. Under such humiliation, it was highly likely Ying Teng would develop a heart demon from now on.

Jiang Ziyu's eyes gleamed as he watched Qin Wentian abusing Ying Teng from faraway.

"In the future, you guys best be more careful if you run into this man." Jiang Ziyu spoke to the people beside him. From Qin Wentian, he could feel a certain wildness that contained hints of madness yet was also filled with clarity. He didn't kill Ying Teng, yet he made Ying Teng endure an agony worse than death.

At the same time as Qin Wentian was abusing Ying Teng, he stared at his comrades still in combat as he spoke, "Remember to show mercy. Don't kill them. Just make sure they are crippled to the state where they can't move."

"Roger that senior brother!" Jun Mengchen laughed, his eyes glimmering with excitement. The armors granted them complete advantage, as they easily suppressed the experts of the Ying Clan. Not too long after, every one of their enemies were lying on the ground.

Right now, Ying Teng could no longer move. He laid limply on the ground, Qin Wentian then carried him and walked towards the bronze gate. Placing his palm there, the gate opened and he tossed Ying Teng out. The others did the same as well, tossing out the experts of the Ying Clan like they were garbage.

They came in with arrogance and went out in such a miserable state. Not only did they not gain any benefits, they were badly humiliated.

"I heard you guys wanted to kill me?" Qin Wentian's gaze shifted to those from the Eastern Sage Immortal Sect and the Violet Emperor Sect, his tone filled with a teasing note. This caused the hearts of these people all to tremble as they silently curse at Qin Wentian. Earlier, Qin Wentian ignored them, allowing them to watch how he abused the Ying Clan, securing his dominant position in their hearts.

"Dongsheng Ting and Zi Yunwu died?" Qin Wentian suddenly asked, causing the expressions of everyone to turn cold as they stared at Qin Wentian.

“Seems like it is so. What a pity I didn’t get to kill him myself. Since this is the case, I’m sure the Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor and the Violet Emperor would treat you guys ‘kindly.’ I won’t act against you all then, please feel free to leave.” After speaking, Qin Wentian stepped aside, opening up a path for them to exit.

Those from the Eastern Sage Immortal Sect and the Violet Emperor Sect hurriedly stepped out with unsightly expressions. Indeed, for Dongsheng Ting’s and Zi Yunwu’s death, both the immortal emperors would surely vent their anger on them. Once an immortal emperor is enraged, they would definitely lose their lives. They were thinking whether they should return or not. If they didn’t return, the immortal emperors might send out a kill order for them.

Seeing those people leaving, Qin Wentian then turned to Jiang Ziyu and the others as he smiled, “Brother Jiang.”

Jiang Ziyu stared at Qin Wentian and smiled back, “Is Brother Qin truly not keen to come visit my Jiang Clan as a guest?”

“Not now, if I want to go in the future I will let you know again.” Qin Wentian laughed.

“Sure. I will wait for Brother Qin’s arrival.” Jiang Ziyu smiled. With a wave of his hand he led those from the Jiang Clan away.

“Do you guys need me to invite you out personally?” Qin Wentian stared at the rest of the experts from the various major powers as he spoke. Their countenances were ashen. Right now Qin Wentian and his comrades were all clad in the puppeted armor. If they were to fight now, only peak-level immortal-foundation experts will be able to put up a fight. For those with weaker cultivation bases, they would instantly be slaughtered. They had no choice but to leave.

This trip into the Ancient Mountain was a wasted one. They didn’t obtain God’s Hand and the so-called treasures left behind by Ancient Emperor Yi – these puppeted armors – actually needed God’s Hand to activate.

Very swiftly everyone left, only those from the Southern Phoenix Clan and Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect remained.

They headed deeper into the interior and the bronze gate automatically closed. There were many puppeted armors here and although the forms were different, the boost in strength was relatively the same. Heading through the path in the center, they came to another bronze gate. It seems that in this place, both the front and back were sealed by gates.

Qin Wentian suddenly felt that it was a little funny. Could these armors be left behind to prevent the pursuit of the successor's enemies? If it was so, the person who planned this truly was farsighted.

After opening this secondary gate, a beam of light erupted forth and a gentle wind could be felt. Qin Wentian stood at the entrance as he stared dumbfoundedly at the scene before him.

"This..." Nanfeng Yunxi exclaimed in surprise. Not only for her and Qin Wentian, everyone else was stunned when they saw this. Their eyes that were blocked by the armor, were shining with the light of astonishment.

Before them was a stairway that led downwards. Qin Wentian continued down and the others followed. It led to an airspace above a gigantic slab of rock and right before their eyes, was a steep and gigantic mountain with numerous palaces built upon it in methodical and logical order.

They were standing right at the peak and had an extremely good field of view from their position. In fact, they could even see human-like figures moving about.

Staring into the horizons, because the distance was simply too far, the buildings and humans far away were as tiny as ants. There was no doubt, this place... was a city.

Floating higher up, he stared in all directions. Qin Wentian discovered that the position he was in wasn't the endpoint of this space. On the contrary, it was right in the center, it felt like this location was a king among mountains and from this vantage point, he could see every corner of this space.

There were not only humans here. It seemed like an entire world.

From below, several figures soared up into the air. These figures were all clad in armor and there were over thousands. All of them stared at Qin Wentian and his comrades as they split themselves into two rows. From below, even more experts gathered as more and more people rushed over here. These experts all had an extraordinary aura and their eyes were bright with spirit, as though they all had immense combat prowess. Among them, a middle-aged man stepped out. He stared at Qin Wentian and the others and spoke in bewilderment. "Why are there so many people here? May I ask which among you was the one who opened the gate?"

Qin Wentian stepped forward and replied, "That's me."

The middle-aged man glanced Qin Wentian for a moment. And to everyone's surprise, he actually bowed low as he respectfully called out, "We welcome the arrival of the Saint Lord."

"We welcome the arrival of the Saint Lord." From all directions, those experts who appeared here all bowed to Qin Wentian as they respectfully echoed.

"We welcome the arrival of the Saint Lord." Those guards clad in armor actually even knelt upon one knee on the air. In an instant, their voices thundered through the entire mountain range, like the tidal waves of an ocean, shaking the hearts of people.

Qin Wentian stood there dumbfounded. Nanfeng Yunxi and the others were staring around in confusion, not understanding what was going on as well.

Saint Lord?

Why were these people so respectful to Qin Wentian and referring to him as the Saint Lord?

"Can you explain what's going on?" Qin Wentian asked.

"Saint Lord, please come with me." The middle-aged man stretched his hand out in invitation. Qin Wentian slowly stepped forward as his comrades followed behind him, all of them filled with curiosity.

The middle-aged man led the way. He descended down through the air and walked towards the buildings and palaces. Over here, the buildings weren't as clustered. Yet all of them exuded an air of grandness, giving Qin Wentian a strange feeling. This feeling felt extremely marvelous as though each and every building contained a surge of battle might. This was a formless kind of power, the power of combat.

"Saint Lord, can you remove the puppeted armor? These armors were created by people of our tribe, there's no need for the Saint Lord to guard against us." That middle-aged man stated. Qin Wentian smiled, indeed he didn't sense any ill intent from the man at all. He then nodded and removed the armor, showing his true features.

The middle-aged man stared at Qin Wentian as his eyes gleamed with sharpness. “Saint Lord is so young, you are truly someone extraordinary and are much younger compared to the Saint Lord of the previous generation who came by in the past.”

“Saint Lord of the previous generation? Ancient Emperor Yi?” Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered. Could it be that this place wasn’t left behind by Ancient Emperor Yi? Ancient Emperor Yi was the same as him – an outsider who managed to enter through his own comprehension of God’s Hand?

## Chapter 1077: Battle Saint Tribe

In the ancient palace, more and more experts gathered here. Among them were many youngsters, all of them had curiosity in their eyes as they stared at Qin Wentian.

They had heard of too many legends with regards to their tribe. They knew the weightage the Saint Lord carried but when they saw how young Qin Wentian was, they felt extremely interesting.

“Gather those of our tribe and head to the ancestral lands.” The middle-aged man’s voice rang out, instantly permeating this entire space. Experts from all directions started to move as the people in this world headed to a specific location. At the same time, there were some who waited on the experts from the Southern Phoenix Clan and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect. That middle-aged man then spoke to Qin Wentian, “Saint Lord, as in accordance with your status, you might need to go with me alone into the ancestral lands. I can explain matters to the Saint Lord there then.”

Qin Wentian mused for a moment before he nodded, “Sure.”

“Take good care of our guests.” The middle-aged man commanded before bringing Qin Wentian and soaring towards a direction.

“Senior, is this place a world?” Qin Wentian curiously asked.

“Saint Lord, my name is Qi Dongliu, you can call me by my name directly, there’s no need to refer to me as senior.” Qi Dongliu hurriedly stated. “This place is indeed a world, but it cannot stand equal to the particle worlds out there. This is a place the first-generation Saint Lord prepared for our tribe to live in safely. He sealed this place and created three worlds for us.”



“Three worlds?” Qin Wentian asked, with a bewildered look on his face.

“Yes, three worlds. This is the first world. There’s still the second and third world.” Qi Dongliu explained. This caused Qin Wentian’s eyes to flicker, he couldn’t help but to think back to the other two bronze gates. Could it be that these three bronze gates corresponded to the three worlds Qi Dongliu was speaking of?

Qi Dongliu brought Qin Wentian along as they sped past several caverns. After some time, they came to a place of desolation that seemed akin to an ancient battlefield with stone platforms and huge rocks and mountains all around. At this moment, many people stood atop the mountains around the area. Their bodies exuded a vast aura as their qi and blood could be strongly felt. Their eyes shone with spirit and a powerful will, it was clear that these people all possessed overwhelming combat prowess.

Qi Dongliu brought Qin Wentian to the mountain before the central stone platform. Staring at the others, Qi Dongliu spoke, “Why are you guys not paying respect to the Saint Lord yet?”

“We pay our respects to Saint Lord.” Everyone stared at Qin Wentian before dipping into a bow. However, Qin Wentian discovered that the eyes of some of these people weren’t sincere and was filled with the intent to battle when they stared at him.

“Saint Lord please don’t be offended. These young fellows lack a heart of reverence to the history of our tribe. However, the people of our tribe are all good men. Even if they don’t sincerely respect you in their hearts, they would never do something openly disrespectful or go against you.”

Qi Dongliu spoke, his words causing Qin Wentian’s eyes to flicker. What a tyrannical tribe name these people had.

“Battle Saint Tribe!” Qin Wentian mumbled. There were many ancient clans and tribes in the immortal realms. An example were the Southern Phoenix Clan, Ying Clan and the Jiang Clan, all of these were major clans that had lasted countless years. Other than them, there were naturally many other ancient powers in the entire immortal realms but for an ancient power daring to name themselves with the shocking name of ‘Battle Saint Tribe,’ there was only a rare few.

“Right, the Battle Saint Tribe.” Qi Dongliu nodded, he then continued to explain, “Saint Lord should still not know about the fact that our tribe existed. Our tribe also has no idea of the current outside world. But according to our ancient records and ancestral teachings, we know that once in

the past, we are the ultimate tribe who stood at the peak of countless worlds, peering with disdain down at everything under the heavens, and having unparalleled combat prowess.”

When they heard Qi Dongliu’s words, the eyes of the young experts at the top of the different peaks all gleamed with sharpness as they felt hot blood coursing through their veins. The legend of their glorious past has been branded into their minds ever since they were kids. The ancestral teachings taught them never to forget their identity, never to forget how strong they once were. Maybe one day, they would be able to climb back up to the peak.

“Battle Saint Tribe, an ancient powerful tribe who stood at the peak of the world?” Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered, he recalled the memories his father left for him in his mind. The clan which he father turned his back upon, was that clan also a power that was similar to this?

“Naturally, all that is already history. From now on, other than the story reminding us of our glorious past, it has no more use to it.” Qi Dongliu suddenly stated again, sounding disappointed. “From the ancient records and ancestral teachings, we knew that countless years ago, a great change occurred and our tribe was met with a calamity. The Battle Saint Sacred Bones which were the most important to our people, were all plundered away from us. Our clan was narrowly completely annihilated, but luckily our ancestor managed to escape with his life which then led to the current Battle Saint Tribe you see today.”

Qin Wentian believed Qi Dongliu’s words. No matter how powerful a clan or tribe was, through the long river of time, there would be moments when they were at the peak of the mountain. How many powerful tribes and clans were there in the entire universe? After million years of evolution and changes, who could guarantee that any tribe would remain as strong and invincible as they were?

This layer of immortal realms was once dominated by several Ancient Emperors before but their empire eventually also collapsed and fell apart. Outstanding heroes appeared throughout time and time could change everything. How many powerful ancient clans have disappeared into history with no one else remembering their names? Seeing that the Battle Saint Tribe could still have a faction remaining until this day, was actually considered something very fortunate.

“Our clan wasn’t wiped out completely and survived with luck. This was all due to the first-generation Saint Lord’s help. In order for us to evade the calamity, the first-generation Saint Lord suggested that we move in here and sever all connections with the outside world. Only the Saint Lords of differing generations would be able to enter here and he can bring out a number of our tribe members to roam the world outside. At the same time, he has to aid us in our ultimate goal – to find the Battle Saint Sacred Bone that was stolen from our Battle Saint Ancestor through a battle all those years ago.”

“Why don’t you guys exit this place all together?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Saint Lord might not know this. Although our tribe members reproduce fast, those who could truly awaken the bloodline of the Battle Saint Tribe and grow a Battle Saint Sacred Bone were all extremely rare. Saint Lord has already seen the people here. These people are the rare few who has a Battle Saint Sacred Bone between the times of yours and the previous generation Saint Lord’s arrival. Naturally this is only the first world. There are some with the Battle Saint Sacred Bone who have already advanced to the second and third world.

Qin Wentian stared at his surroundings as he frowned, “Aren’t these too few in number?”

“The number of those who awaken the bloodline in the first world cannot be compared to the upper worlds. Because after entering the immortal king realm, our tribe members would all choose to head to the second and third world. In addition, our talent is naturally high and there are many who can step into the immortal king realm. Hence, the people you see here are mostly the younger ones. In the future when Saint Lord arrives at the second world, you would be able to see even more tribe members.” Qi Dongliu spoke. Qin Wentian also had long noticed that the people here were all at the immortal-foundation realm. So it turned out that most of them have already left and headed to the second world.

“So my conjecture was right. The other two bronze gates are connected to the upper worlds. That should be so in order to prevent weaker people from entering.” Qin Wentian mused silently.

“Qi Dongliu, didn’t you say earlier that the Battle Saint Sacred Bone of your ancestor was stolen in combat? Why would the tribe members still be able to grow one?” Qin Wentian asked in confusion.

“According to our ancient records, the Sacred Bone plundered from our ancestor was the most important inheritance for our tribe. It contained boundless profound secrets of the Great Dao and there was a chance that it would be able to be passed on to our descendants. Through the generations, there would always be a Battle Saint King born among us. But naturally after that calamity and our Inheritance Sacred Bone was stolen away, our tribe was no longer able to produce a Saint Battle King and our talent dwindled too much, our potential reduced to merely this extent.” Qi Dongliu sighed, his words causing Qin Wentian’s heart to tremble.

If what Qi Dongliu said was the truth, considering the fact that the people with the Battle Saint Sacred Bones of this era are all still able to step into the immortal king realm despite the fact that their talents have been weakened, how powerful was the Battle Saint Tribe then? They must be a tribe who stood at the very peak. The glorious era of past times was truly hard to imagine.

“Back then, the first-generation Saint Lord took on a huge risk and faced dangers to his life just to aid us in our survival despite having no further requests and he was unwilling to allow our name to fade in history. Our entire tribe is filled with endless gratitude for the great kindness the first-generation Saint Lord has shown us and we divulged the unique Battle Saint Art of our tribe, allowing him to study it. The first-generation Saint Lord was truly an extraordinary character, he was able to gain more insights from our Battle Saint Art and created and evolved it into a supremely strong ability. Saint Lord, the inheritance you obtained should be none other than that ability the first-generation Saint Lord had created.”

Qi Dongliu continued, “Also, the ancestor and the first-generation Saint Lord had an agreement. In the future, the members of our tribe would aid his successors, regarding them as Saint Lord. The Saint Lords of each generation would be able to mobilize half of our entire strength to roam the outside world. For those who remained here, they would continue to reproduce in peace and safety. The members of our tribe would regard the Saint Lord as our master but we hope that he would be able to aid us to grow as well. Those who went out together with the previous Saint Lords wouldn’t return to us anymore. Other than supporting the Saint Lord, they were tasked with investigating the disappearance of our Inheritance Sacred Bone, and entrusted with the mission of returning our tribe to its former glory.”

Qin Wentian’s gaze flickered as he suddenly asked, “What if many Saint Lords appeared in the same generation?”

“That isn’t likely to happen. The first-generation Saint Lord said before that for those who could obtain his secret art and open the gates to arrive here, their talent could only be described as tyrannical and they were destined to dominate the immortal realms. For people like that, only a rare few would appear in the same generation. Even if there were plenty of characters like that, it was impossible for them to gain the inheritance at the same time. With such odds, the probability of it happening was basically nil. But if that really happened, we would just have two Saint Lords then.” Qi Dongliu smiled. Qin Wentian’s eyes gleamed with sharpness. The talent to dominate the entire immortal realms?

The first-generation Saint Lord was truly confident.

So it turned out that God’s Hand wasn’t created by Ancient Emperor Yi. It was someone from a generation before Emperor Yi who created it – the first-generation Saint Lord.

Qin Wentian suddenly recalled a character. He then asked, “Are you guys acquainted with Emperor Yu?”

Emperor Yu was rumored to be the servant of Ancient Emperor Yi.

And those from the Battle Saint Tribe termed Emperor Yi as the second-generation Saint Lord.

“Yu!” Qi Dongliu’s eyes flickered, “I once looked through the ancient records. The previous generation Saint Lord brought a member of our tribe named Yu out when he roamed the world. I do not know if there’s any connection between these.

“In that case, it’s most probably right.” Qin Wentian smiled. So it turns out that Emperor Yu isn’t merely protecting the secret art of God’s Hand, he was protecting his tribe members as well. In that case, those experts around Emperor Yu, were they all from the Battle Saint Tribe too?

## Chapter 1078: Treasury

“Saint Lord.” At this moment, Qi Dongliu’s expression grew heavy as he stared at Qin Wentian.

“What’s the matter?” Qin Wentian asked.

“We didn’t expect that the arrival of a new Saint Lord would include so many people. For the secret regarding our tribe, I hope that Saint Lord wouldn’t mention anything to the people from the external world. Although it’s difficult for outsiders to enter here, I’m afraid once news about our tribe is leaked, our powerful enemies from the past might catch wind of it and hunt us down.” Qi Dongliu spoke. “Naturally, Saint Lord can come here to look for us any time you wish.”

This faction of the Battle Saint Tribe survived against all odds, and those who exited these three worlds were tasked with the mission of reviving their ancient glory, searching for hope. The people remaining here were to procreate, ensuring their lineage was protected. As long as the tribe wasn’t destroyed, there was always the hope that one of the descendants would succeed in the future. This was the hope of the entire Battle Saint Tribe.

“Don’t worry. I will definitely keep this a secret from everyone, including my friends.” Qin Wentian solemnly nodded. This was an extremely big matter, regarding the Inheritance Sacred Bone of the Battle Saint Tribe. If this information was leaked, the entire immortal realms would surely be caught in the commotion.

“However, there are many strange and unusual methods in the external world. What if people from the Battle Saint Tribe encountered danger when they are roaming the world and have their memories searched by others? Wouldn’t your secret be divulged then?” Qin Wentian asked.

“How could we not have considered this? The men of our Saint Battle Tribe are innate warriors by birth. If they truly encountered such an incident, they would use a secret art to wipe out their memories completely before committing suicide.” Qi Dongliu replied. Qin Wentian nodded. In that case, unless the Saint Lord betrays them, the secret of the Battle Saint Tribe would never be divulged. Naturally, the Battle Saint Tribe are pledged to be followers of the Saint Lord, the Saint Lord wouldn’t have a reason to betray the tribe.

“Saint Lord, in our first world, all those who awakened their bloodlines and possess a Battle Saint Bone are all gathered here. You can select half of them to follow you. They will immediately make a vow to be your protectors and their only hope is that as the Saint Lord matures, you would be able to pull them along.” Qi Dongliu pointed to the younger experts here as he spoke.

Qin Wentian’s eyes flashed. The people here were truly the younger ones. However, their auras were vast and their battle intent intense. The Battle Saint Tribe’s members were innate warriors. During the time when they were at their peak, there were even Battle Saint Kings produced then.

“Who among you guys are willing to follow me to roam the outside world?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Me.”

“Me, me...”

Numerous figures stood up straight as all of them took a step forward with no exceptions. Everyone was willing to head out to roam the world. In this space, they had no true opponents and it was rare for them to find a chance to grow. Compared to protecting this world and continuing their lineage, they would rather choose to roam the world and chase after the glory which belonged to their ancestors. That, was their life mission. So what if they would encounter numerous dangers if they went out? So what if they aren’t allowed to return here forever if they left this place? They were still filled with boundless courage and an indomitable conviction to press forward.

They were innate top-tier warriors, how could they be fine with mediocracy?

Qin Wentian could sense their courage when he glanced at them. Although many among them had no sincere respect for him, they were still willing to follow him out with no hesitation because this was their mission.

Qin Wentian took a step forward and stared at everyone. He then spoke, “I, Qin Wentian, have a cultivation base at the first-level of immortal foundation. I might be very weak, and this level of cultivation cannot be compared to many among you. I came here accidentally and became your Saint Lord. But now, I will swear to the heavens that in the future I, Qin Wentian, will treat you with respect and will never do anything to betray the Battle Saint Tribe and or any of you either or I would be annihilated by the forces of the heavens and earth.”

“Now, I similarly need a vow from you guys. The reason is because I do not wish for those who follow me to eventually become a burden and would do something disrespectful or even betray me. I won’t force you guys, but if there are no vows made, I won’t bring any of you out.” Qin Wentian indifferently spoke.

“Make a vow using the name of our Battle Saint Tribe.” Qi Dongliu stepped out, as he stood in the center of the crowd.

The eyes of everyone flashed, they turned to Qi Dongliu before shouting in a loud voice, “We will make a vow with the name of our Battle Saint Tribe!”

“Us from the Battle Saint Tribe are all willing to follow after the Saint Lord of this generation, Qin Wentian. The orders of the Saint Lord will be followed with the highest priority. If there’s anyone who dares to betray the Saint Lord, may heaven and earth bear witness that our tribe would never return to our former glory.” Qi Dongliu vowed heavily as the others echoed, with solemn expressions on their faces.

Qin Wentian stared at them all as he nodded. Obtaining God’s Hand is already considered an extremely great harvest. He didn’t imagine that because he cultivated God’s Hand, he would be able to come here and become the Saint Lord of the Battle Saint Tribe.

However since he came across this good fortune, Qin Wentian naturally wouldn’t want to miss it. This was something of benefit to both parties.

Hence, after he heard the story of the Battle Saint Tribe, Qin Wentian knew that he had an opportunity to forge a super strong army that belongs to him alone, and would be able to grow together alongside with him as he roamed the world. This isn’t a force from the Heavenly Talisman

Realm or the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect. It was a force that belonged to him alone and would only listen to his orders.

Qin Wentian waved his hands and an ancient treasured cauldron appeared. This cauldron expanded in form and landed on the ground as Qin Wentian spoke, "In this cauldron, the legendary Sacred Luminance can be found within. It's able to evolve your physique, and also stimulate your potential. However, the Sacred Luminance is extremely domineering and contains immense destructive might. If you are unable to endure it, you must give up immediately. But I believe that as experts from the Battle Saint Tribe, nobody would be destroyed by the Sacred Luminance."

"Sacred Luminance." Qi Dongliu froze before excitement showed on his face. He bowed to Qin Wentian deeply, "Many thanks to Saint Lord."

"You can go and baptize yourself as well." Qin Wentian spoke. Qi Dongliu nodded and stepped out. The experts from the Battle Saint Tribe all flew to the top of the cauldron and entered one by one.

Qin Wentian's body flickered as he appeared in the air above the cauldron. Staring within, he could see the experts of the Battle Saint Tribe showed no hesitation and dived right into the Sacred Luminance, experiencing the torturous baptism. Qin Wentian could feel an overwhelming intent to do battle within their blood as well as the mystical power of their Battle Saint Sacred Bones. This was something innate to them, they were naturally-born warriors.

In this world, there are many innately powerful clans and tribes. They were extraordinary the moment they were born.

For people from the Battle Saint Tribe, all of them were able to withstand the baptism of the Sacred Luminance. They were all capable of enduring it.

Upon seeing this scene, Qin Wentian's silhouette flashed as he returned to his previous position. He sat there cross-legged in meditation. Within the universe, the thirty-three layers of immortal realms, and the countless number of particle worlds... There were still powerful tribes and clans like that which his father and mother belonged to. Even though he was now an immortal, the path ahead was still very long.

The Inheritance Sacred Bone was plundered by people, everything his father possessed was plundered away in that memory by his own clan as well. This Battle Saint Tribe wanted to grow stronger for the sake of returning to their past glory. Qin Wentian wanted to do so to find answers.



At the mountain where the palaces and other buildings were located, the experts from the Southern Phoenix Clan and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect were warmly treated. However, Qin Wentian seemed to have disappeared completely. According to a serving girl, this place was a world ruled by the Battle Saint Tribe. Not only did Qin Wentian disappear, he was accompanied by several core members of the tribe as they brought him to the ancestral lands. As for why they referred to Qin Wentian as Saint Lord, the servants had no idea.

Everyone was speechless, they could only continue waiting for Qin Wentian to return.

Today, Qin Wentian and those experts from the Battle Saint Tribe finally came back.

“Senior brother where did you guys go?” Jun Mengchen instantly asked when he saw Qin Wentian returning. “You have no idea that after we unequipped these puppeted armor, we were unable to use them again. Seems like they can only be activated by God’s Hand. It’s just too depressing.”

“Haha these armors were all forged by our tribe. There’s a method if you guys wish to easily control it. Let me bring you to a place.”

“Really?” Jun Mengchen’s eyes lit up.

“Naturally, you guys who came from afar are our guests and in addition, all of you are friends of the Saint Lord. We ought to give you all a little welcoming present.” Qi Dongliu smiled.

“Oh yeah, why do you guys refer to my senior brother as the Saint Lord?” Jun Mengchen curiously asked. Nanfeng Yunxi and Nanfeng Shengge’s beautiful eyes flashed as well, they were also extremely curious.

“It’s a long story. In the past, we have a debt of kindness to Ancient Emperor Yi. Simply put, his successor is the Saint Lord of our Tribe.” Qi Dongliu smiled. Jun Mengchen and the rest nodded, they didn’t suspect anything.

“Let’s go, I will bring you all to the weapon halls of our tribe.” Qi Dongliu laughed. Qin Wentian gathered the members of the Southern Phoenix Clan and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect as they all went together. Under the lead of Qi Dongliu, they came to a mountain used specifically for the forging of weapons. The temperature here was extremely high and had many weapon halls located all around. When the people here saw Qi Dongliu, all of them had a look of respect on their faces.

Over here, there were all sorts of treasures, weapons and armors. When they passed by a certain hall, they saw all sorts of puppets within. There were demonic beast puppets, human-form puppets, combat puppets. It was simply terrifying.

“Are these all immortal-ranked treasures?” Qin Wentian was somewhat taken aback.

“Yes they are, Saint Lord.” Qi Dongliu nodded. After which he transmitted his voice to Qin Wentian, “Saint Lord, other than us being natural-born warriors, we have an extraordinary talent in terms of forging divine weapons as well.”

Qin Wentian nodded silently, he could understand this point. Qin Wentian was able to comprehend God’s Hand because it had a lot to do with one’s understanding of divine inscriptions and runes. God’s Hand was something evolved from the Battle Saint Art these tribe members cultivated, it was only natural they would be talented as well in weapon forging.

“These are the accumulation of countless years. If Saint Lord has need of them, you can take half away.” Qi Dongliu continued the voice transmission, his words causing Qin Wentian’s heartbeat to quicken. In fact, Ying Teng and the others weren’t too far off in terms of their guesses. Although this place wasn’t the treasury of Ancient Emperor Yi, it was, from another perspective, a treasury. And now, this place belongs to him.

“If I can open the other two bronze gates and enter the second and third world, what sort of rewards would be waiting for me there?” Qin Wentian mused silently. However he could sense that with his current attainments in God’s Hand, wanting to open the other two bronze gates was nothing but a fool’s dream. It would only be possible in the future!

## Chapter 1079: Exiting the Mountain

Qi Dongliu and Qin Wentian spoke via voice transmission, the others naturally didn’t know the content of their discussions. These people were an ancient tribe and only those who could awaken the battle saint bloodline and grow a sacred bone would know of this. In usual times, they would never bring this up. It was only that Qin Wentian was here, so they decided to tell him this secret.

“Yunxi, tell those from the Southern Phoenix Clan to choose two treasures or weapons per person. It’s the same for those from the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect. Since Dongliu said that we are guests from afar and he wants to gift us some presents, there’s no need to be polite.” Qin

Wentian smiled and spoke to the others. The treasures here were all at the sixth-rank. In the second world, most probably there are seventh-ranked divine treasures which correspond to the immortal king realm.

“Saint Lord is right. It’s very rare for us to have visitors in our world. There’s no need to be polite.” Qi Dongliu also smiled. Nanfeng Yunxi nodded, “Nanfeng Yunxi will thank senior for your kindness then.”

“Everyone is friends of the Saint Lord, there’s no need to stand on ceremony.” Qi Dongliu waved his hands as everyone started to choose immortal weapons and treasures from the weapons hall.

After everyone finished, Qin Wentian smiled, “It’s been several days since we came here and we have received some nice benefits. Everyone, it’s time for us to leave.”

Qi Dongliu started as he felt a little bewildered. He stared at Qin Wentian and transmitted his voice, “Saint Lord, you are leaving like this? You haven’t selected who you wish to bring out with you from the younger members of our tribe. Also, although our tribe was almost annihilated, there are still some powerful innate techniques and arts left behind. Although they are not complete, the power they can unleash is still extremely overwhelming. Even our most important Battle Saint Art can be lent to Saint Lord for your perusal.”

“Dongliu, there are currently many experts from different powers out there now. I cannot let them be suspicious of you. If we went out like that, everyone would wonder where these people came from. Hence, I will leave first but I will come back after a few days to bring them with me.” Qin Wentian transmitted his voice. The Violet Emperor, Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor, Jiang Clan and Ying Clan were all still out there. In order to better keep the secret of the Battle Saint Tribe, it was best not to have too many complications.

“I understand.” Qi Dongliu replied. Since Qin Wentian would still come back, he naturally wouldn’t say anything. Seeing the Saint Lord thinking of them, it naturally made Qi Dongliu happy.

“Mhm, it’s about time to leave.” Nanfeng Yunxi nodded. Although their benefits weren’t as great as Qin Wentian, it could be considered that they didn’t make a wasted trip here. In addition, there was actually a power which Ancient Emperor Yi aided once before in that world. It was truly interesting.

Qin Wentian’s harvest was naturally the greatest. He managed to cultivate the complete God’s Hand, causing an unknown amount of envy to many powers. However, it was useless even if they envied and were jealous of him. God’s Hand could only be comprehended and cultivated within the ancient mountain.

Qin Wentian bid farewell to Qi Dongliu and everyone returned back to the entrance. Like before, only he alone could open the entrance, he did so and they returned to the immortal palace of Ancient Emperor Yi. Qin Wentian then looked around and spoke, "For those with lower cultivation bases, equip the puppeted armors now. Those fellows should still be outside waiting for us, and it's best to be more careful."

"Mhm." Everyone nodded. Qin Wentian took out the puppeted armors and activated them for everyone. Only then did he open up the entrance as they stepped out of it.

And as expected, the moment they exited they saw numerous silhouettes standing in the distance, staring at them. Ying Teng's injuries had actually almost recovered. When he saw Qin Wentian, an unbridled killing intent gushed forth from him. His hatred for Qin Wentian had already reached the extreme level.

"Woah, everyone is still hanging around?" Qin Wentian smiled and walked out of the gate. After they exited, the bronze gate closed. The greater demon guarding the gate was still in a slumber, as though it didn't have anything to do with this.

"Brother Qin, did you receive any benefits?" Jiang Ziyu smiled at Qin Wentian, he didn't seem to be angry at all.

"I guess my understanding of God's Hand can now be considered at the adept level. After opening the bronze gate, I obtained all these puppeted armors and plenty of sixth-ranked divine weapons. I guess it can be considered a great harvest for me. However, I don't think Brother Jiang would put these mere treasures in your eyes." Qin Wentian smiled. The two of them were happy to feign civility, each not wanting to tear off each other's face. Qin Wentian couldn't see through what Jiang Ziyu was thinking but as long as Jiang Ziyu doesn't take the initiative to antagonize him, he wasn't willing to face such a strong enemy.

There were cases of descendants of immortal emperors being killed. An example were Dongsheng Ting and Zi Daoyang. If one wanted to live a long life in the immortal realms, it wouldn't hurt to be more careful.

"I, Jiang, am truly interested in God's Hand. Sadly, I won't be able to cultivate it." Jiang Ziyu sighed. "As for the sixth-ranked divine weapons, I don't lack any of them. However I believe that within the other two bronze gates, there should be even more valuable treasures. In the future, they would all belong to Brother Qin."

“I temporarily don’t have the ability to open the other gates for now. Maybe after I step into the immortal king realm and my understanding of God’s Hand reaches a certain level and I can unravel the profound mysteries of the runic diagram inscribed. Naturally, the prerequisite is that I must survive until then.” Qin Wentian jokingly laughed. Jiang Ziyu stared at Qin Wentian’s revealed eyes outside the puppeted armor. In fact, he had the same conjecture as Qin Wentian. He believed that only when one reached a certain level in cultivation would they be able to open the other two bronze gates.

As for the treasures Qin Wentian obtained from the first bronze gate, Jiang Ziyu believed Qin Wentian because from his observation, the others who went in with Qin Wentian didn’t really have any unusual expressions.

In that case Qin Wentian had become a living treasure. Everyone could only depend on him to open the gates to obtain the things Ancient Emperor Yi left behind in the future.

Qin Wentian turned his head and glanced at the two other bronze gates. The transformations of the runic diagrams on these gates contained a profoundness that he couldn’t see through yet. It was impossible for him to open it currently.

“Let’s return.” Qin Wentian spoke to those beside him. For this trip into the ancient mountain, the benefits he obtained was exceedingly great. All these armors he had collected were considered supreme immortal-foundation ranked treasures. Naturally in the future, there would be even more terrifying rewards within the two other bronze gates.

The fact that Ancient Emperor Yi was able to dominate the immortal realms back then most probably had a connection to this.

Qin Wentian left when he said he would. The experts from the Southern Phoenix Clan and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect also didn’t linger. The crowd opened up a path, allowing them to walk through as they departed this place.

Ying Teng clenched his fist tightly, staring with reluctance at the golden figure picture and bronze gates, as he spoke, “Let’s go.”

Now, they could only return with nothing.

Everyone left. Although they were filled with reluctance at obtaining no benefits, they couldn’t do anything about it. They all became the foil that made Qin Wentian shine more brilliantly.

“Ancient abode of Emperor Yi, Bronze Gates. I hope someone in my clan would have an idea about how to gain access within.” Ying Teng silently mused. However, he knew that it was probably impossible. Immortal emperors cannot enter the ancient mountain.

Up until now, they still thought that everything here was left behind by Ancient Emperor Yu. Naturally, if Qin Wentian didn't enter the world and encounter the Battle Saint Tribe, he would believe it was so as well.

Some days passed after these people left. A young man with a bronze mask brought along a black hound and came to this area. He walked towards the entrance of the five finger peaks before taking out a sealing treasure and sealing the entrance. After which, he entered the immortal palace and walked towards the golden figure picture. With a step, he walked into it and just like his original body, he received an impurity cleansing.

Although the path he took was different from the original body, it wouldn't affect the cultivation of God's Hand. His original body unleashed God's Hand via destruction and suppression energy. He could do the same using sealing-attributed energy.

After some time when the impurities cleansing was done, he returned to take back the sealing scroll and walked towards the bronze gate. The three greater demons stared at him with astonishment in their eyes.

After which, the greater demon saw Di Tian opening the bronze gate and stepping within.

The three greater demons exchanged mutual glances. There were actually two people who appeared in the same generation who could open the bronze gates?

Di Tian continued on to the inner bronze gate and opened it up, stepping into the world where the Battle Saint Tribe's members resided. Very soon, numerous figures appeared. When Qi Dongliu saw the silhouette of the young man with the bronze mask, he felt a feeling of extreme shock in his heart. How could this be possible? There were actually two Saint Lords?

“Dongliu, it's me.” Di Tian removed his mask, revealing his features that were completely the same to Qin Wentian. Only the charm he exuded was a little different. Qi Dongliu stared at him in astonishment. This man knew his name, and had the same features as Qin Wentian, they should be the same person? But in that case, why were their auras so different?

“This is my other self.” Di Tian explained. The Battle Saint Tribe’s secret was with him and they had sworn a vow to protect him. Once any members from the Battle Saint Tribe were captured, they would instantly destroy their memories and commit suicide. Di Tian was willing to share with them his secret because it was impossible for them to betray him.

“I pay my respect to the Saint Lord.” Qi Dongliu had no more hesitations. He was extremely shocked, to think that the current generation Saint Lord was so powerful and had another true-self that cultivated an entire different set of techniques.

“Let’s go,” Di Tian stepped out as Qi Dongliu followed behind him. He didn’t expect the Saint Lord would come here again so quickly.

Young, mastered God’s Hand, treasured cauldron, Sacred Luminance, and another true-self.

Seems like the current generation Saint Lord is even more extraordinary compared to the second-generation one. Qi Dongliu’s heart was filled with boundless anticipation for the future.

In the outside world, at God Hand Mountain Manor, the Violet Emperor, Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor, Nanfeng Guhong, the immortal emperors from Ying Clan, Jiang Clan, were all still waiting.

It’s been so long but those core members they sent into the ancient mountain have yet to return? Nobody knew what had happened inside and was there someone who managed to cultivate God’s Hand yet?

If there was one, who would the person be?

Also, they had no idea if a war erupted among the juniors in the ancient mountain. If it did, which faction of power suffered the most casualties?

And at this moment, an energy fluctuation could be felt at the entrance of the mountain. All of a sudden, a bright light flashed as several silhouettes could be seen riding immortal treasures as they exited the mountain.

“Ziyu.” The eyes of the immortal emperor from the Jiang Clan flashed. Jiang Ziyu led everyone from the Jiang Clan back out.

“Ying Teng.” The immortal emperor from the Ying Clan also glanced over.

Continuously, more and more people emerged. They actually came out together and didn't seem to have fought each other at all. This made the immortal emperors feel a little puzzled. What was going on?

These juniors that moved towards the God Hand Mountain Manor. Right now at the entrance of the ancient mountain, Nanfeng Yunxi's phoenix puppet appeared as the experts from the Southern Phoenix Clan and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect also came out. They all seemed to be clad in some kind of armor, drawing the attention of the crowd. The juniors who came out earlier were all staring with ill intent at these people. Also, the immortal emperors discovered that these juniors all had eyes gleaming with envy as they all stared at the young man standing beside Nanfeng Yunxi, Qin Wentian!

#### Chapter 1080: The Immortal Emperors Attitude

The puppet phoenix arrived at the God Hand Mountain Manor, and everyone dismounted it. Nanfeng Guhong and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Emperor both glanced towards them.

The Violet Emperor and the Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor also turned their gazes over. At this moment, no one spoke although everyone wanted to know what happened within the ancient mountain exactly.

All the experts from the junior generation landed at different locations. The God Hand Mountain Manor was very vast, hence despite there being many people here, the space didn't look cramped.

“Ying Teng.” The immortal emperor from the Ying Clan radiated killing intent when he saw the mark of recent injuries on Ying Teng's body. “What happened in the ancient mountain? What did you all encounter?”

Everyone turned their gaze onto Ying Teng only to see him hatefully staring at Qin Wentian. He then spoke, “Within the ancient mountain, Ancient Emperor Yi's old residence is there. Qin Wentian has obtained many treasures.”



As the sound of his voice faded, many terrifying auras descended from the sky, boring down on Qin Wentian. Under that overwhelming pressure, it felt that he would be struck dead if he made any movements.

“Qin Wentian.” The Violet Emperor stared at Qin Wentian. His long robes fluttered in the wind as violet qi gushed around. “The treasures of Ancient Emperor Yi. Do you think you can bear the weight of having them? Hand them all out now.”

“Ying Teng, you are clearly intentionally entrapping Qin Wentian. Shameless.” Nanfeng Yunxi had an unsightly expression on her face. This Ying Teng wished to harm Qin Wentian. The amount of pressure on Qin Wentian now was so great that he was perspiring and his entire body was shaking.

The Thousand Transformations Emperor Lord stepped out and appeared beside Qin Wentian. “Everyone is at the immortal emperor level. Don’t you all find that it’s beneath your status by treating a junior who just stepped into the immortal foundation realm this way?”

“Ying Teng is lying.” The disciple from the Heavenly Talisman Realm stated. “Seniors, it’s best that you all understand the situation first before deciding on anything.

“In that case, explain it to us properly then. Also, where are the people from my Eastern Sage Immortal Sect?” The Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor walked closer with an unsightly expression on his face. So many juniors have already exited the ancient mountain but his and the Violet Emperor’s subordinates haven’t appeared.

Naturally, the young man in the bronze mask whom he wanted to kill, hasn’t appear either. Most probably, the masked young man knew that he was waiting outside and was currently hiding within, not daring to exit. After all, both he and the Violet Emperor saw the masked young man killing Dongsheng Ting and Zi Yunwu.

“Ying Teng what happened exactly?” The immortal emperor from the Ying Clan asked.

“Very simple. Ying Teng was humiliated by Qin Wentian in the ancient mountain and he is intentionally trying to take revenge.” Nanfeng Yunxi replied. She then continued, “Ying Teng. Do you want me to recount the things that happened when you were humiliated?”

Ying Teng’s expression was ice cold. “Nanfeng Yunxi, no wonder the saying goes that a grown woman can’t be kept at home. As the holy successor, don’t tell me you have fallen in love with him. Do not forget the fact that you won’t be able to marry out of your clan.”

“You...” Nanfeng Yunxi has already removed the puppeted armor. Her beautiful face was filled with coldness.

“Did I say something wrong? Aren’t the puppeted armors treasures left behind by Ancient Emperor Yi? Didn’t Qin Wentian obtain them in the immortal palace?” Ying Teng icily continued. “For this point, Brother Jiang and the others can all be my witness.”

At this moment, Qin Wentian stepped out. He smiled, “I will personally explain what happened in there to all the seniors.”

“Good. I want to hear what you have to say.” The demon emperor, a golden heaven warring condor spoke. The focus of everyone was fixed on Qin Wentian, waiting for him to speak.

“The matters are extremely simple. In the ancient mountain, the divine essence of God’s Hand could be felt, and one could gain insights and comprehend God’s Hand through it. I, Qin, am extremely fortunate, I managed to raise my understanding of God’s Hand to a new level. After that, all of us were together and found senior Ancient Emperor Yi’s old immortal palace. Over there, there are greater demons guarding the place, these demons should be at the level of demon emperors.” Qin Wentian explained, his words causing the hearts of everyone to shake. The old abode of Ancient Emperor Yi was actually within the ancient mountain.

“In Emperor Yi’s ancient palace, there are three bronze gates that can only be opened by people who have cultivated God’s Hand. Using God’s Hand, I opened the first of the three bronze gates and entered within. The people here all entered there together with me and a small-scale fight broke out between us. I even accidentally injured Brother Ying, which incurred his hatred for me.” Qin Wentian smiled, his tone casual with no hint of fire. It was as though he was just playing around with Ying Teng. That calm tone of his actually caused Ying Teng’s heart to boil with the terrifying flames of anger.

“Within the bronze gate, there were a number of the puppeted armors like the one currently equipped on me lying around, and there’s also a treasury with sixth-ranked divine weapons and immortal treasures within. I believe immortal emperors like seniors wouldn’t place these items in your eyes. After staying there for some days looting the treasures away, I came out after that. The others were still waiting for me outside and they also saw that my current strength was unable to open the second and third gates. Although the treasures within the gates might be even more valuable, I most probably will need to reach the immortal king realm first before I have a chance to open them.”

Qin Wentian laughed and continued, “That’s the summary of what happened exactly. Many people who entered the ancient mountain can bear witness to the truth of my words.”

The immortal emperors glanced at their subordinates, and indeed, none refuted what Qin Wentian had said. It seems like Qin Wentian’s words were true. In that case, wouldn’t he now be the key necessary, the only one with the ability to open up the other treasury gates left behind by Ancient Emperor Yi?

At this moment, more people could be seen exiting the ancient mountain. These were none other than the subordinates of the Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor and the Violet Emperor. Their heads were lowered and each of them were shaking with terror as they glanced over. They hurriedly rushed over to the God Hand Mountain Manor and immediately knelt before the Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor and the Violet Emperor. At this instant, a fearsome killing intent gushed forth from both the emperors, boring down on these people.

“Speak.” The Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor coldly spat a word out.

“His highness commanded us to hunt down Qin Wentian but we were obstructed by the people from the Southern Phoenix Clan and the Thousand Transformations Immortal Sect. Nanfeng Yunxi and Qin Wentian fled deeper into the mountain while his highness and Zi Yunwu chased after them. As for what happened later, we completely have no idea at all.” Those people prostrated themselves completely before the two emperors as they spoke while trembling with fear. The Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor had just lost a son while the Violet Emperor lost a nephew.

“Qin Wentian.” The Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor took a few steps forward, his killing intent instantly engulfed Qin Wentian. The Thousand Transformations Emperor Lord appeared before Qin Wentian, blocking the pressure exuding from the Eastern Sage Immortal Emperor.

“Eastern Sage, your son was trying to hunt me down but he was obstructed by a mysterious man who was proficient in sealing-attribute energy. I was the one fleeing from the hunt. And although I truly wished to kill Dongsheng Ting, his death truly has nothing to do with me. Are you seriously going to blame his death on I, Qin? Aren’t you bullying me a little too much?” Qin Wentian coldly spoke.

“Who knows if you participated in his death or not?” The Violet Emperor also stepped forward.

“Senior Violet Emperor, I have never met you before and only heard of your illustrious name. Senior’s son, Zi Daoyang, fought with me fairly in an open match when we were in the City of Ancient Emperors. A true battle among geniuses naturally would have a winner and a loser. I

defeated him openly, yet you wanted to blame his death on me, to the extent of ordering Zi Yunwu to hunt me down and now you are also intending to blame Zi Yunwu's death on me again? Is this Senior Violet Emperor's extent of magnanimity?"

"Violet Emperor, you are a peak-level immortal emperor of the immortal realms. Isn't doing something like this beneath your status?" The Thousand Transformations Emperor Lord coldly spoke.

"BOOM!" The Violet Emperor stepped forward, a terrifying might gushed forth, causing Qin Wentian to retreat explosively while groaning from the pain.

"Since he is adamant that he is innocent, I will bring him away. After my investigations, I will set him free if he truly has no connection to this." The Violet Emperor spoke with cold arrogance. Stretching his hand out, a terrifying purple-colored palm imprint manifested and grabbed towards Qin Wentian.

The Thousand Transformations Emperor Lord blasted out a palm imprint as a thunderclap smashed into Violet Emperor's palm imprint. The impact caused a terrifying aftershock to ravage the surroundings. Although these were just casual moves by them, the entire ground quaked violently as though an earthquake was happening.

"Thousand Transformation, you want to obstruct me?" The Violet Emperor stood with his hands behind his back. Everyone's gazes were fixed here. The peak-level Violet Emperor was truly tyrannical. Since he wished to bring Qin Wentian away, most probably things weren't so simple. Right now, Qin Wentian possessed God's Hand, he was the only one that can open Ancient Emperor Yi's treasury gates.

"Senior Violet Emperor, even if you captured me, you would have no way to enter the ancient mountain. Regardless of God's Hand or the treasures in there, you would still be unable to obtain them." Qin Wentian naturally understood the Violet Emperor's intentions. Since he dared to come out, it was because he understood this logic. It was useless even if they captured him, the immortal emperors weren't able to enter the ancient mountain.

"Hmph." The Violet Emperor coldly snorted as another blast of might gushed over to Qin Wentian, forcing him to continue retreating. Even with the puppeted armor, he was still injured by the intense vibrations.

"Violet Emperor, mind your actions." Nanfeng Guhong stepped over and appeared before Qin Wentian.

“Is the Southern Phoenix Clan going to interfere in my matters with Qin Wentian?” The Violet Emperor stared straight at Nanfeng Guhong.

“Qin Wentian is a friend of the Southern Phoenix Clan.” Nanfeng Guhong calmly spoke.

“Your Southern Phoenix Clan wishes to stow Qin Wentian away for yourselves right?” The demon emperor condor coldly spoke. This trip to the God Hand Mountain Manor only benefited Qin Wentian. All of the others made a wasted trip.

“You truly have the heart of a vile character.” Nanfeng Guhong didn’t even bother to glance at the demon emperor.

“No matter what, it’s not going to be so easy for Qin Wentian to leave here just like that.” The immortal emperor from Ying Clan also spoke.

“Hehe, everyone are immortal emperor characters, yet you all are willing to go so far to bully this junior. In that case, can I ask seniors what do you all want I, Qin, to do exactly?” Qin Wentian spoke. At the same time, he actually unequipped the puppeted armor. In front of immortal emperors, wearing the armor or not made no difference.

Qin Wentian kept his eyes straight but he was sending a voice transmission to Emperor Yu. “Might I inquire if Senior’s full name is Qi Yu?”

Emperor Yu froze when he heard Qin Wentian’s voice. He then lowered his head and drank another mouthful of wine before slowly stepping out.

“All those who come here are guests.” Emperor Yu spoke, causing the gazes of everyone to turn to him. He then slowly continued, “Since you all wished to cultivate God’s Hand, I hid nothing and showed you all the form of it and even opened up the ancient mountain for you guys to venture in. However, none of you succeeded and now, God’s Hand was actually cultivated successfully by a junior. As immortal emperors, you guys actually have the face to stand out to bully him? Isn’t that a little too inappropriate?”

“Emperor Yu, what do you mean?” The immortal emperor from the Ying Clan asked.

“I’ve already given all of you a chance. Since none of you are able to cultivate it, and considering how long my God Hand Mountain Manor has entertained you all for, it’s time for everyone to leave.” Emperor Yu stared at everyone, issuing an expulsion order.

At this instant, the immortal emperors had unsightly expressions as they looked at Emperor Yu. Qin Wentian had obtained the secret art God’s Hand, thus becoming the successor of Ancient Emperor Yi. Was Emperor Yu planning to help him out of this predicament?